



SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN CENTURIES

THE BOOK OF
ONE HUNDRED
IMMORTAL HYMNS

“Both Young Men and Maidens
Old Men and Children
Let them praise the Lord”

Songs of the Christian Centuries.

The Book of A Hundred Immortal Hymns.

WITH BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE NOTES.

COMPILED BY REV. WILLIAM E. BARTON, D. D.

This book is intended primarily for the home, and is so small and inexpensive that each member of the household may be supplied with a book containing words and music of 100 of the really great hymns. Few congregations sing more than a hundred hymns; and it would be a blessing to many churches if they would sing these and no others until the really great songs become familiar. The church that pays \$1.25 for a hymn-book pays a dollar for hymns that are never used.

While mechanical necessities forbid a strictly chronological arrangement, the hymns in this book begin with those of the ancient Church, and the great poets and singers of the Church in all ages and in many lands are here represented, from the very earliest down to the present time. There are songs for young and old; songs of comfort and hope; songs of quiet trust and of stirring and victorious movement. Not every expensive book has so carefully selected or so widely representative a list of hymns.

The brief notes are a unique feature, and adapt the book to use in schools, and in song services where some account is desired of the hymns themselves and the men who have made them.

Worship at Home.

CONTAINING BRIEF AND SIMPLE FORMS FOR MORNING AND EVENING DEVOTION IN BUSY HOMES.

Arranged by REV. WILLIAM E. BARTON, D. D.

This little volume stands midway between the experimental pamphlet, "FOUR WEEKS OF FAMILY WORSHIP," and a proposed manual of family devotion arranged to cover the entire Bible and the days of the calendar year. The present book contains sixteen weeks of morning, and sixteen weeks of evening services, arranged to cover the historical portion of the Old Testament and the Life of Christ. The warm welcome accorded the experimental booklet affords assurance that this larger work will meet a real need in our busy life.

Two minutes a day for family devotion is not too much, even in this busy age. The experience resulting from the use of the experimental booklet shows that many families which now have no regular worship are glad of the assistance of a book like this.

Price List.

WORSHIP AT HOME AND SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN CENTURIES.

Either Book, single copy, 20 cents; \$1.50 per dozen; \$10.00 per hundred, prepaid.

Special Family Offer: Ten books, five of each kind, prepaid, \$1.00.

This will enable the entire family to participate in the daily service, and supply the home with hymn-books for this and other uses.

The two books are bound separately or together in a single volume, as desired. The combined edition will be furnished unless the other is requested.

N. B.—It will facilitate the filling of orders if they are sent to Mr. John J. Barton, Puritan Press, Sublette, Ill.

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SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN CENTURIES

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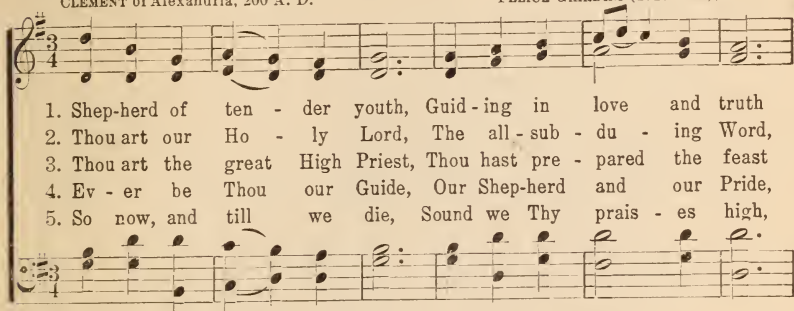
1 Shepherd of Tender Youth.

ITALIAN HYMN.

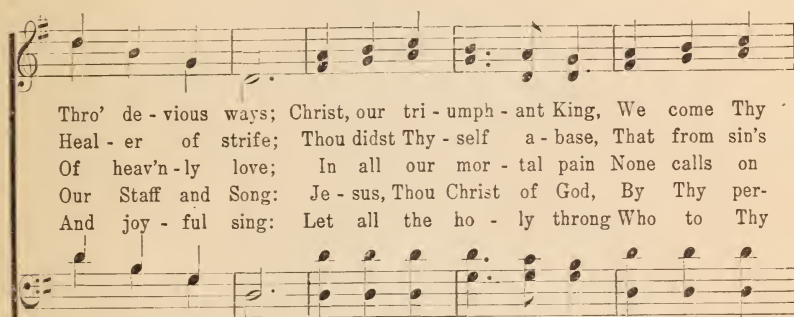
This beautiful hymn from the third book of Clement of Alexandria, is said to be the earliest known hymn of the Primitive Christian Church. It was written in Greek about 200 A. D. by Clement of Alexandria, one of the best known of the early theologians, and was translated in 1846 by Rev. Henry M. Dexter, a noted Congregational editor.

CLEMENT of Alexandria, 200 A. D.

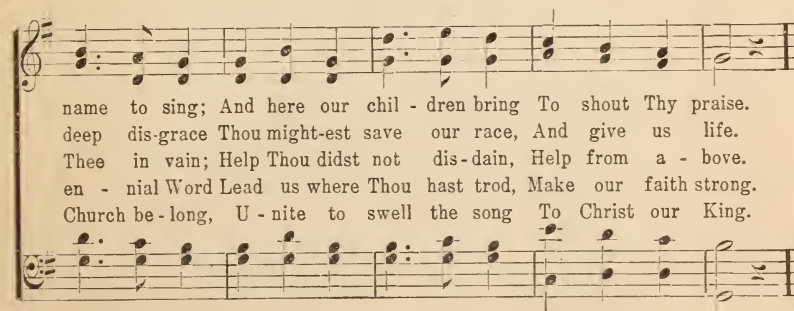
FELICE GIARDINI (1716-1796), 1765.



1. Shep-herd of ten - der youth, Guid - ing in love and truth
 2. Thou art our Ho - ly Lord, The all - sub - du - ing Word,
 3. Thou art the great High Priest, Thou hast pre - pared the feast
 4. Ev - er be Thou our Guide, Our Shep-herd and our Pride,
 5. So now, and till we die, Sound we Thy prais - es high,



Thro' de - vious ways; Christ, our tri - umph - ant King, We come Thy
 Heal - er of strife; Thou didst Thy - self a - base, That from sin's
 Of heav'n - ly love; In all our mor - tal pain None calls on
 Our Staff and Song: Je - sus, Thou Christ of God, By Thy per -
 And joy - ful sing: Let all the ho - ly throng Who to Thy



name to sing; And here our chil - dren bring To shout Thy praise.
 deep dis - grace Thou might - est save our race, And give us life.
 Thee in vain; Help Thou didst not dis - dain, Help from a - bove.
 en - nial Word Lead us where Thou hast trod, Make our faith strong.
 Church be - long, U - nite to swell the song To Christ our King.

O Mother, Dear Jerusalem.

RHINE.

A Latin poem of the 8th century, entitled "Urbs Beata Hierusalem," suggested by the meditations of St. Augustine, has found many translations. This one is a fragment of a manuscript thought to have been made by a Roman Catholic priest imprisoned in the tower of London about 1600. The initials "F. B. P." are thought to mean "Francis Baker, Priest."

F. B. P. 1600.

German Melody.

1. O moth-er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee? When shall my
 2. O hap - py har-bor of God's saints! O sweet and pleasant soil! In thee no
 3. No dim-ly cloud o'er-shad-ows thee, Nor gloom, nor darksome night; But ev'-ry
 4. Thy walls are made of precious stone, Thy bulwarks diamond-square, Thy gates are

sor-rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? Thy joys when shall I see?
 sor - row can be found, Nor grief, nor care, nor toil, Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.
 soul shines as the sun, For God Himself gives light, For God Himself gives light.
 all of or - ient pearl—O God! if I were there! O God! if I were there!

3

Art Thou Weary?

STEPHANOS

St. Stephen was a monk of the 8th century, in Mars Saba, a monastery in the Kedron Valley overlooking the Dead Sea. This hymn, written in that solitude, was translated in 1862 by Rev. John M. Neale (1818-1866) an English Episcopalian, gifted as a translator from the Greek and Latin.

St. STEPHEN the Sabaite 725-794.

H. W. BAKER, 1861.

1. Art thou wea-ry, art thou lan-guid, Art thou sore dis-trest? "Come to Me," saith
 2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide? "In His feet and
 3. Is there di - a - dem, as monarch, That His brow a-dorns? "Yea, a crown, in
 4. If I find Him, if I fol-low, What His guerdon here? "Many a sor-row,
 5. If I still hold close-ly to Him, What hath He at last? "Sorrow vanquished,

One, "and com-ing, Be at rest."
 hands are wound-prints. And His side."
 ve - ry sure - ty, But of thorns."
 many a la - bor, Many a tear."
 la - bor end - ed, Jordan passed!"

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
 Will He say me nay?
 "Not till earth and not till heaven
 Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
 Is He sure to bless?
 "Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
 Answer, Yes."

J. M. Neale, 1862.

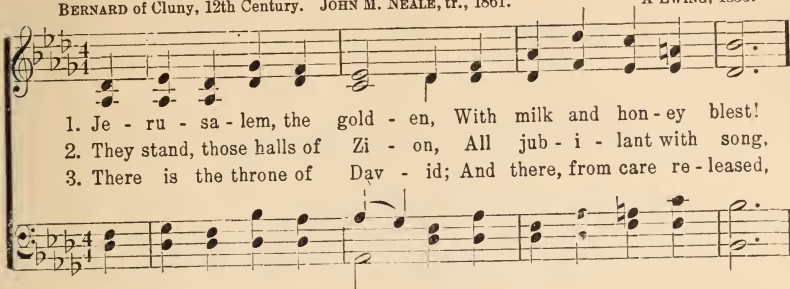
Jerusalem, the Golden.

EWING.

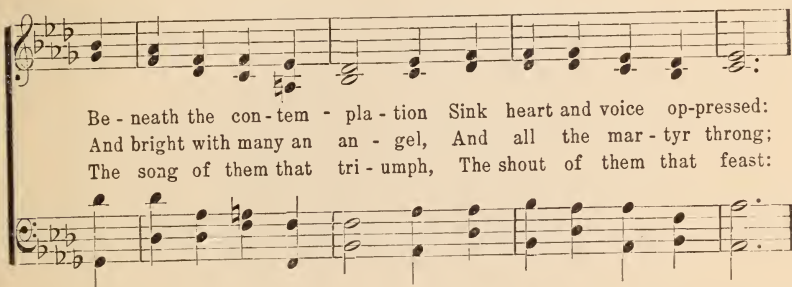
Bernard of Cluny, a monk composed in 1122-1156 a Latin poem of about three thousand lines of rare beauty, but in a singularly difficult meter. The poem was translated in 1861 by Rev. John M. Neale, and fragments of it have become familiar hymns.

BERNARD of Cluny, 12th Century. JOHN M. NEALE, tr., 1861.

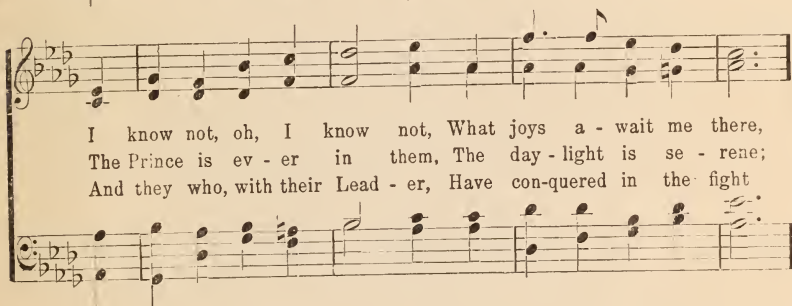
A EWING, 1853.



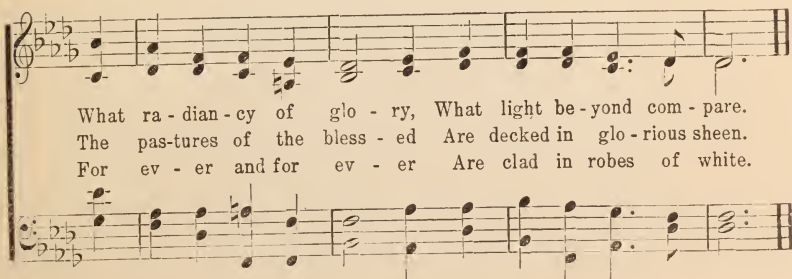
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest!
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All jub - i - lant with song.
 3. There is the throne of Dav - id; And there, from care re - leased,



Be - neath the con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed:
 And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng;
 The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast:



I know not, oh, I know not, What joys a - wait me there,
 The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;
 And they who, with their Lead - er, Have con - quered in the fight



What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com - pare.
 The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
 For ev - er and for ev - er Are clad in robes of white.

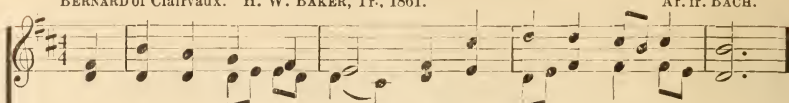
O Sacred Head Now Wounded.

PASSION CHORALE.

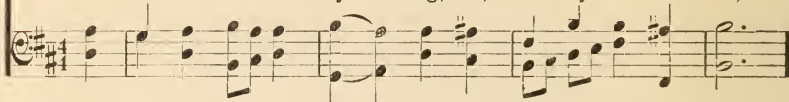
This hymn ascribed to Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153) was translated into German by Rev. Paul Gerhardt in 1656 and from the German it is here translated into English by H. W. Baker.

BERNARD of Clairvaux. H. W. BAKER, Tr., 1861.

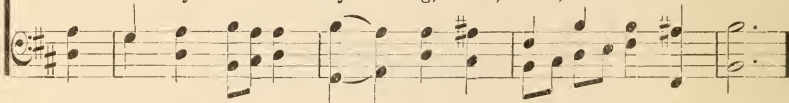
Ar. fr. BACH.



1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weigh'd down,
2. I see Thy strength and vig - or, All fad - ing in the strife,
3. In this, Thy bit - ter pass - ion, Good Shep - herd, think of me
4. Be near when I am dy - ing; Oh, show Thy cross to me;



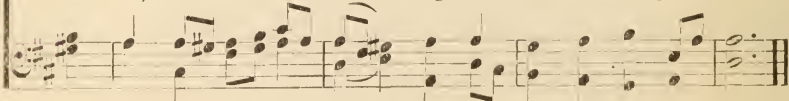
Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns Thine on - ly crown;
And death with cru - el rig - or Be - reav - ing Thee of life;
With Thy most sweet com - pass - ion, Un - wor - thy though I be;
And to my suc - cor fly - ing, Come, Lord, and set me free.



O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was Thine!
O ag - o - ny and dy - ing! O love to sin - ners free!
Be - neath Thy cross a - bid - ing For - ev - er would I rest,
These eyes, new faith re - ceiv - ing, From Je - sus shall not move;



Yet, though de - spised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.
Je - sus, all grace sup - ply - ing, Oh, turn Thy face on me!
In Thy dear love con - fid - ing, And with Thy pres - ence blest.
For he, who dies be - liev - ing, Dies safe - ly, through Thy love.



O Come, All Ye Faithful.

PORTUGUESE HYMN.

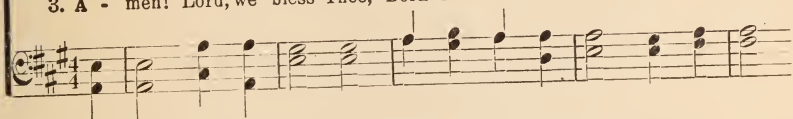
A Latin poem of the 17th century. Adeste Fideles, had been roughly translated into English, and was improved by Rev. William Mercer, an English Episcopalian, who died in 1873.

Latin, 17th Century, WM. MERCER, Tr.

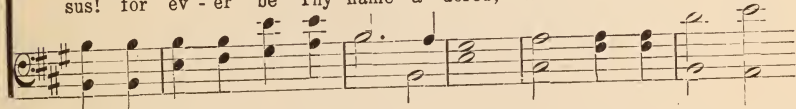
M. PORTUGAL, d. 1834.



1. Oh, come, all ye faith-ful, Joy - ful - ly tri - umph - ant, To Beth-
 2. Raise,raise, choirs of an - gels, Songs of loud - est tri - umph, Thro' heav-
 3. A - men! Lord, we bless Thee, Born for our sal - va - tion, O Je-



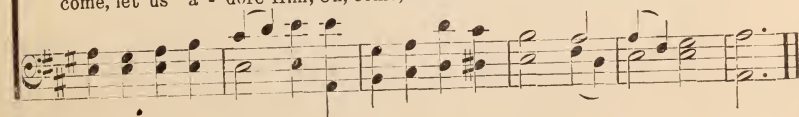
le - hem hast-en now with glad ac - cord; Lo! in a man - ger
 en's high arch-es be your prais-es poured: Now to our God be
 sus! for ev - er be Thy name a - dored; Word of the Fa - ther,



Lies the King of an - gels; Oh, come, let us a - dore Him, Oh,
 Glo - ry in the high - est; Oh, come, let us a - dore Him, Oh,
 Late in flesh ap - pear - ing; Oh, come, let us a - dore Him, Oh,



come, let us a - dore Him, Oh, come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord.
 come, let us a - dore Him, Oh, come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord.
 come, let us a - dore Him, Oh, come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord.



When Morning Gilds the Skies.

LAUDES DOMINI.

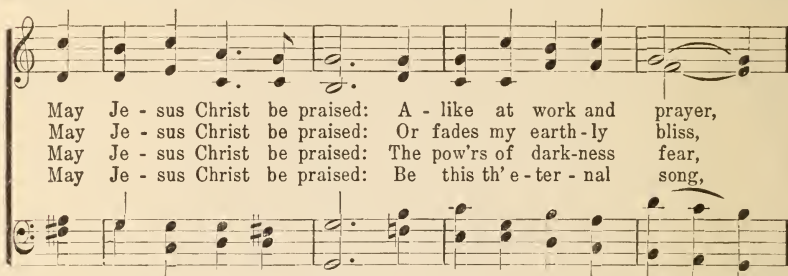
This fine hymn was translated from the German in 1873 by Rev. E. Caswall (1814-1878), an English clergyman who was born an Episcopalian but became a Roman Catholic in 1846. It is a favorite hymn at St. Paul's Cathedral in London and is increasingly popular in America.

Rev. E. CASWALL, Tr.

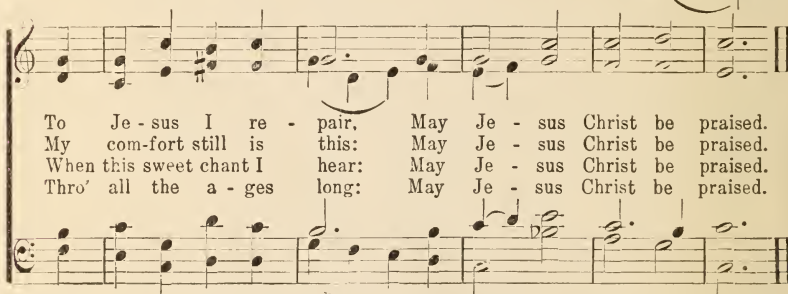
J. BARNBY.



1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak-ing cries,
 2. Does sad-ness fill my mind, A sol-ace here I find;
 3. When e - vil tho'ts mo - lest, With this I shield my breast:
 4. Be this, while life is mine, My can - ti - cle di - vine:



May Je - sus Christ be praised: A - like at work and prayer,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised: Or fades my earth - ly bliss,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised: The pow'rs of dark-ness fear,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised: Be this th'e - ter - nal song,

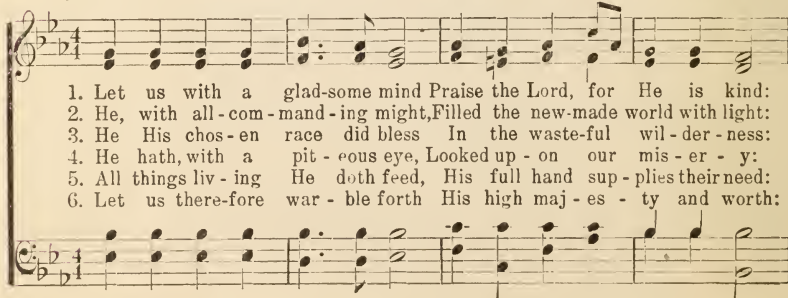


To Je - sus I re - pair, May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 My com-fort still is this: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 When this sweet chant I hear: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 Thro' all the a - ges long: May Je - sus Christ be praised.

Let Us with a Gladsome Mind.

MOZART,

John Milton (1608-1674) wrote great poems, but few hymns. This one is based upon Psalm 136, with its refrain, "For His Mercy Endureth Forever." Arr. fr. MOZART.



1. Let us with a glad-some mind Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
 2. He, with all-com-mand-ing might, Filled the new-made world with light:
 3. He His chos-en race did bless In the waste-ful wil-der-ness:
 4. He hath, with a pit-eous eye, Looked up-on our mis-er-y:
 5. All things liv-ing He doth feed, His full hand sup-plies their need:
 6. Let us there-fore war-ble forth His high maj-es-ty and worth:

Let Us with a Gladsome Mind.

For His mer-cies shall en-dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.
 For His mer-cies shall en-dure, Ev - er faith - ful. ev - er sure.
 For His mer-cies shall en-dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.
 For His mer-cies shall en-dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.
 For His mer-cies shall en-dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.

9 A Mighty Fortress is Our God.

EIN' FESTE BURG.

This greatest of German hymns was written by the hero of the Reformation, Martin Luther, (1483-1566), who also arranged the tune. It is said to have been suggested by his safe retreat in Wartburg Castle, though probably it was written later. This best English translation is by Rev. Frederick H. Hedge, an American Unitarian professor, (1805-1890).

MARTIN LUTHER, 1529. FREDERICK H. HEDGE, tr. 1852.

MARTIN LUTHER.

1. { A might - y fort-ress is our God, A bul-wark nev - er fail - ing; }
 { Our Help-er He, a - mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing. }
 2. { Did we in our own strength con-fide, Our striv-ing would be los - ing; }
 { Were not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choos - ing. }
 3. { And though this world, with devils filled, Should threaten to un - do us; }
 { We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri-umph through us. }

For still our ancient foe Doth seek to work His woe; His craft and power are great,
 Dost ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is He; Lord Sabaoth is His name,
 Let goods and kindred go, This mor-tal life al - so; This bod - y they may kill;

And armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
 From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.
 God's truth a - bid - eth still, His king-dom is for - ev - er.

Fairest Lord Jesus.

CRUSADER'S HYMN.

Although this hymn has not been traced beyond 1677, it is affirmed by tradition to have been a song sung in the original by German knights on their way to recover the Holy Land. It was translated and the tune arranged in 1850 by Richard S. Willis of Detroit.

Anon (German) 1677. Tr. R. S. Willis, 1850.

German Arr. by R. S. Willis, 1850.

1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Rul - er of all na - ture,
 2. Fair are the mead - ows, Fair - er still the wood - lands,
 3. Fair is the sun - shine, Fair - er still the moon - light,

O Thou of God and man the Son, Thee will I cher - ish,
 Robed in the bloom - ing garb of spring; Je - sus is fair - er,
 And all the twink - ling, star - ry host; Je - sus shines bright - er,

Thee will I hon - or, Thou, my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown.
 Je - sus is pur - er, Who makes the woe - ful heart to sing.
 Je - sus shines pur - er Than all the an - gels heav'n can boast.

11 The Lord's My Shepherd, I'll Not Want.

LA MIRA.

This is the favorite psalm of the Scotch Psalter as it is also the best poem in the collection, and the dearest among all the psalms. The beauty of the verse and the faithfulness of the paraphrase have kept this hymn in the principal English and American hymn books. Francis Rous (1579-1659) was an English lawyer, a member of Parliament under Charles I. and Cromwell. He published a version of the Psalms in 1641, probably taking the text of the 23rd from Whittingham's version of 1556.

FRANCIS ROUS.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want: He makes me down to lie
 2. My soul He doth re-store a - gain; And me to walk doth make
 3. Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale, Yet will I fear no ill;
 4. My ta - ble thou hast fur - nish - ed In pres - ence of my foes;
 5. Goodness and mer - cy, all my life, Shall sure - ly fol - low me;

The Lord's My Shepherd, I'll Not Want.

In pas - tures green; He lead-eth me The qui - et wa - ters by.
 With - in the paths of right-eous-ness, Ev'n for His own name's sake.
 For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff me com-fort still.
 My head Thou dost with oil a - noint, And my cup o - ver - flows.
 And in God's house for ev - er - more My dwell - ing-place shall be.

12

My Jesus, As Thou Wilt.

JEWETT.

Rev. Benjamin Schmolck, a Silesian pastor, wrote this hymn of sweet submission, based upon Mark 14: 36, about 1704. It was translated into English in 1854 by Miss Jane Borthwick, to whom we owe many of our best translations from the German.

B. SCHMOLCK, 1704. JANE BORTHWICK, tr.

Arr. by J. P. HOLBROOK.

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy
 2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Though seen through many a tear, Let not my
 3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing

hand of love I would my all re-sign; Through sor-row, or through joy, Conduct
 star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap-pear; Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sor-
 fut - ure scene I glad-ly trust with Thee: Straight to my home above I trav-

me as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done!
 rowed oft a-lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done!
 el calm-ly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done!

All People that on Earth do Dwell.

THE OLD HUNDREDTH,

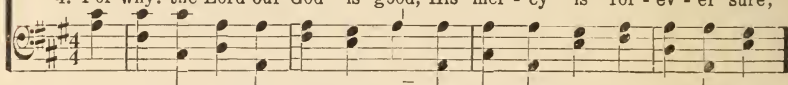
We cannot afford to lose the few surviving hymns of the quaint and crude old version of the Psalms published by Sternhold and Hopkins in 1562. The hundredth psalm in that edition is attributed to Rev. William Kethe, whom we know as an exile from England with Knox in Geneva in 1555. This hymn gives the popular name to the tune, "The Old Hundredth".

W. KETHE, 1561.

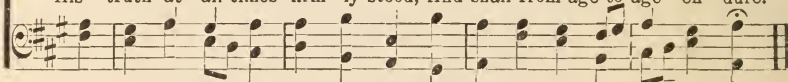
L. BOURGEOIS, 1551.



1. All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice;
2. Know that the Lord is God in - deed; Without our aid He did us make;
3. Oh, en - ter then His gates with praise, Approach with joy His courts un-to;
4. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer - cy is for - ev - er sure;



Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye before Him and re - joice.
We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
Praise, laud, and bless His name always, For it is seem-ly so to do.
His truth at all times firm - ly stood, And shall from age to age en - dure.



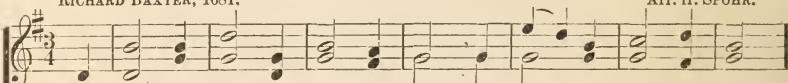
Lord, it Belongs not to My Care.

CHERITH.

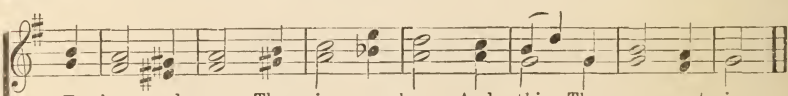
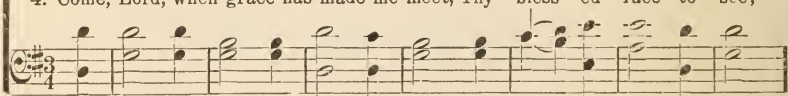
Rev. Richard Baxter. (1615-1691) a distinguished Nonconformist minister, who declined a bishopric and became an exile for conscience' sake, has left us many books but few hymns. This one, which breathes the spirit of his life, was written in 1681. At least 168 volumes came from his pen, among which his "Call to the Unconverted" was a household classic not very long ago.

RICHARD BAXTER, 1681.

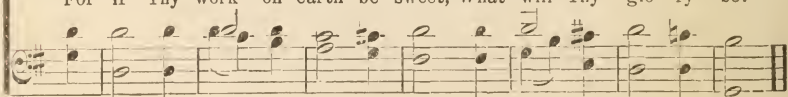
Arr. fr. SPOHR.



1. Lord, it be-longs not to my care Wheth - er I die or live;
2. If life be long, I will be glad That I' may long o - bey;
3. Christ leads me through no dark - er rooms Than He went through be-fore;
4. Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet, Thy bless - ed face to see;



To love and serve Thee is my share, And this Thy grace must give.
If short, yet why should I be sad To soar to end - less day?
No one in - to His king - dom comes, But through His o - pened door.
For if Thy work on earth be sweet, What will Thy glo - ry be!



ST. ANNE.

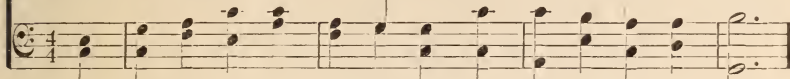
Isaac Watts (1674-1748) the father of English hymnody and one of the greatest of hymn writers, was an English Congregational minister. His hymn "Our God, our Help in Ages Past," is a metrical version of Ps 90, and consists of nine stanzas

I. WATTS, 1719.

W. CROFT, 1708.



1. Our God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se - cure;
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,
4. A thou - sand a - ges in Thy sight Are like an ev - 'ning gone;
5. Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, Bears all its sons a - way;
6. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,



Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home!
 Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fense is sure.
 From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
 Short as the watch that ends the night Be - fore the ris - ing sun.
 They fly, for - got - ten, as a dream Dies at the o - p'ning day.
 Be Thou our guard while life shall last, And our e - ter - nal home.



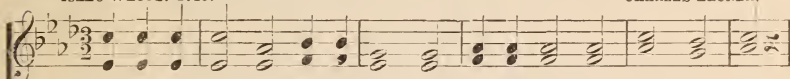
Jesus Shall Reign.

MISSIONARY CHANT,

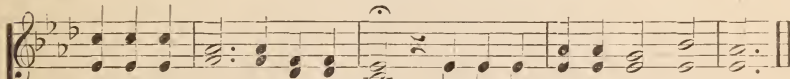
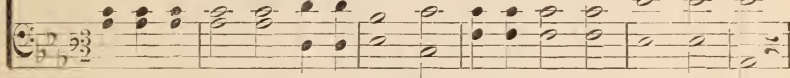
The missionary spirit and Christian optimism of Watts' hymns finds free expression in this hymn, which was intended as a rendering of Psalm 72.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

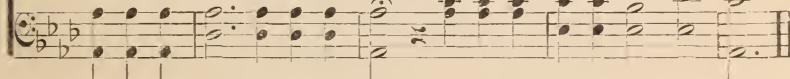
CHARLES ZEUNER.



1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour - neys run;
2. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on his love, with sweet - est song;
3. Blessings a - bound where'er He reigns; The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
4. Let ev - 'ry creature rise and bring Pe - cul - iar hon - ors to our King;



His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
 And in - fant voic - es shall pro - claim Their ear - ly blessings on His name.
 The wea - ry find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
 An - gels descend with songs a - gain, And earth re - peat the loud A - men!



17 Joy to the World, the Lord is Come!

ANTIOCH.

One of the finest of the songs of Watts, a Christmas hymn, has been wedded to a noble tune arranged by Lowell Mason from the opening strains of Handel's Messiah.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

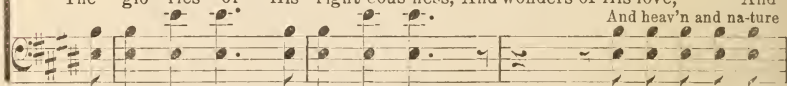
HANDEL, Arr by L. MASON.



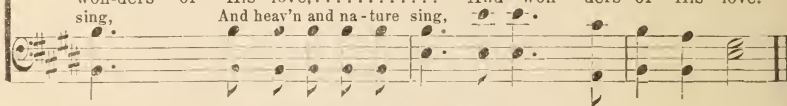
1. Joy to the world; the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King;
2. Joy to the earth; the Sav-ior reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy;
3. No more let sins and sor-rows grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground;
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove



Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re-peat the sounding joy, Re-
He comes to make His bless-ings flow Far as the curse is found, Far
The glo-ries of His right-eous-ness, And wonders of His love, And
And heav'n and na-ture



heav'n and na-ture sing,..... And heav'n and na-ture sing.
peat the sound-ing joy,..... Re-peat the sound-ing joy.
as the curse is found,..... Far as the curse is found.
won-ders of His love,..... And won-ders of His love.
sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing,



18 Glory to Thee, My God.

TALLIS CANON.

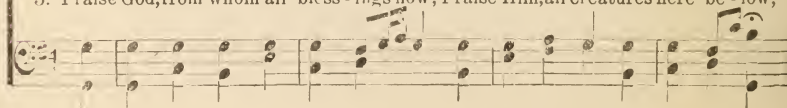
This is considered one of the four greatest hymns of the English language. It is an evening hymn and from it is taken the Doxology often used in opening morning worship. It was written by Bishop Thomas Ken (1637-1710) in 1695, and was changed in 1709. The tune, considerably altered is 150 years older than the hymn.

THOMAS KEN, 1695.

T. TALLIS, 1565.



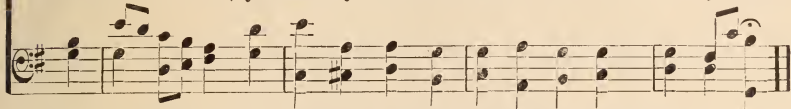
1. Glo-ry to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light;
2. For-give me, Lord, for Thy dear Son, The ill which I this day have done;
3. Teach me to live, that I may dread The grave as lit-tle as my bed;
4. Oh, let my soul on Thee re- pose, And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close!
5. Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;



Glory to Thee, My God.



Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings! Beneath Thine own al - might-y wings.
That with the world, my-self, and Thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
Teach me to die, that so I may Rise glo-rious at the judg-ment day.
Sleep, which shall memore vigorous make, To serve my God when I a - wake.
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost!



19 While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks.

NOEL.

This picturesque and quaint old hymn is the gem of the "New Version" of Tate and Brady in 1702. Nahum Tate (1652-1715) was Poets Laureate of England, and by no means the greatest of the list: but few of them have written anything that will live so long as this Christmas hymn.

NAHUM TATE.

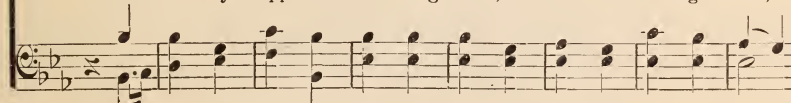
Arr. fr. HANDEL.



1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground;
2. "Fear not," said he, for might - y dread Had seiz'd their troub-led mind,—
3. "To you, in Da - vid's town this day, Is born of Da - vid's line
4. The heav'n-ly babe you there shall find To hu - man view dis - played,



The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round,
"Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring, To you and all man - kind,
The Sav - ior who is Christ, the Lord, And this shall be the sign,
All mean - ly wrapp'd in swath - ing bands, And in a man - ger laid,"



And glo - ry shone a-round.
To you and all man-kind.
And this shall be the sign.
And in a man-ger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—



6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

CREATION.

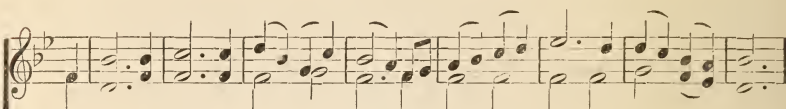
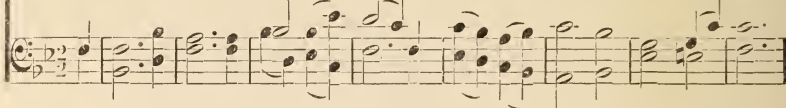
Joseph Addison (1672-1719) wrote many essays, but only five hymns. All of these are still in use, and are among the most perfect literary works in our hymn books. This hymn is based on Psalm 19. The tune is from Haydn's oratorio of The Creation.

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1712.

Arr. fr. HAYDN.



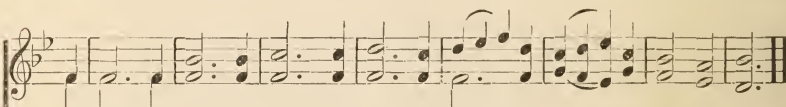
1. The spacious firm-a-ment on high, With all the blue e-the-real sky,
2. Soon as the evening shades pre-vail, The moon takes up the won-drous tale;
3. What tho' in solemn si-lence, all Move round the dark ter-res-trial ball;—



And spangled heav'n's, a shin-ing frame, Their great O-rig-i-nal pro-claim:
And nightly, to the list-'ning earth, Re-peats the sto-ry of her birth;
What though no real voice nor sound A-mid their ra-diant orbs be found,—



Th'un-wearied sun, from day to day, Does his Cre-a-tor's power dis-play;
While all the stars that round her burn, And all the plan-ets in their turn,
In rea-son's ear they all re-joice, And ut-ter forth a glo-rious voice,



And pub-lish-es to ev-'ry land The work of an al-might-y hand.
Con-firm the ti-dings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.
For ev-er sing-ing as they shine,—“The hand that made us is di-vine”.



WINCHESTER.

Unlike the foregoing hymn, this fine song of Addison's is personal. It expresses the gratitude of a full and earnest heart.

J. ADDISON, 1712.

Este's Psalter, 1592.



1. When all Thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys,
 2. Ten thou-sand thou-sand pre-cious gifts My dai-ly thanks em-ploy;
 3. Thro' ev-'ry per-iod of my life, Thy goodness I'll pur-sue;
 4. Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty, to Thee A joy-ful song I'll raise;



Trans-ported with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise.
 Nor is the least a cheer-ful heart, That tastes those gifts with joy.
 And af-ter death, in dis-tant worlds, The glo-rious theme re-new.
 But oh, e-ter-ni-ty's too short To ut-ter all Thy praise.

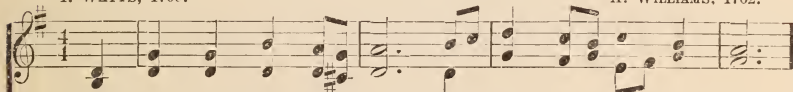


ST. THOMAS.

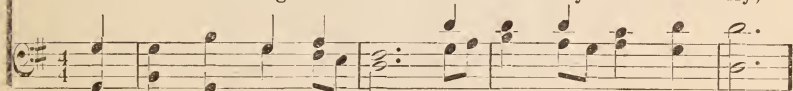
This cheerful invitation to songs in praise of the Lord stands foremost among hymns of this character. The good old tune, St. Thomas, lends itself freely to the words of Watts.

I. WATTS, 1709.

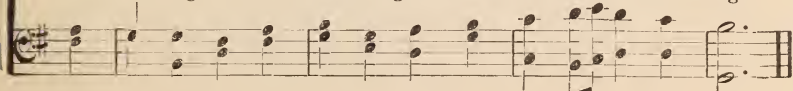
A. WILLIAMS, 1762.



1. Come, we who love the Lord, And let our joys be known;
 2. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God;
 3. The men of grace have found Glo-ry be-gun be-low;
 4. The hill of Zi-on yields A thou-sand sa-cred sweets
 5. Then let our songs a-bound And ev-'ry tear be dry;



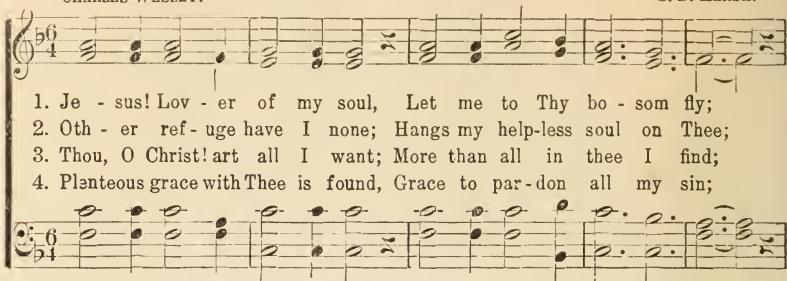
Join in a song of sweet ac-cord, And thus sur-round the throne.
 But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King Should speak their joys a-broad.
 Ce-les-tial fruits on earth-ly ground From faith and hope may grow.
 Be-fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Or walk the gold-en streets.
 We're marching thro' Em-man-uel's ground To fair-er worlds on high.



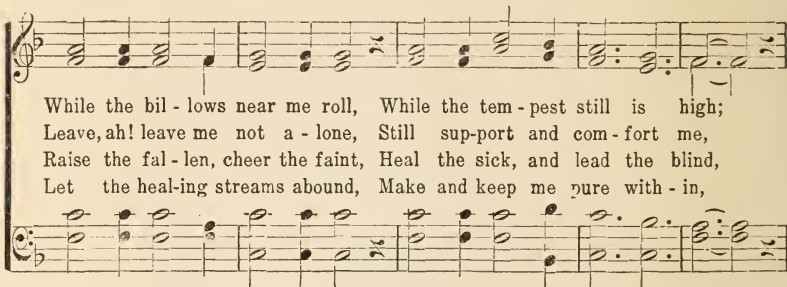
Not the most faultless, but the most popular, of all English hymns is this noblest work of Charles Wesley (1708-1788), who with his brother John, was the founder of Methodism. It is a heart-hymn, full of love, gratitude and confidence.

CHARLES WESLEY.

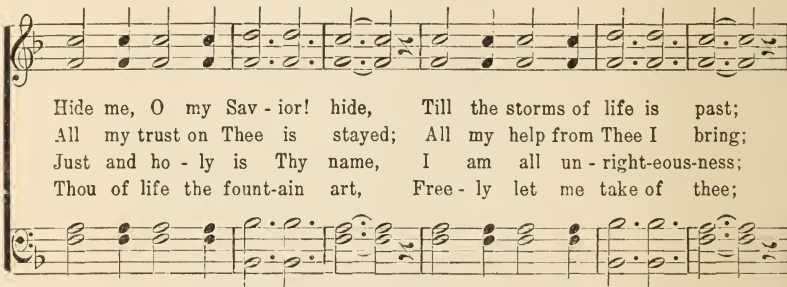
S. B. MARSH.



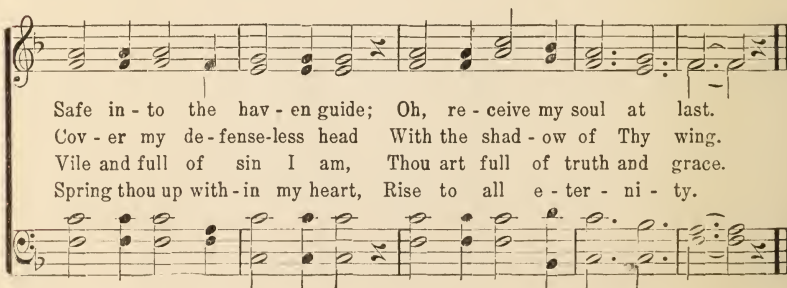
1. Je - sus! Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly;
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;
 3. Thou, O Christ! art all I want; More than all in thee I find;
 4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to par-don all my sin;



While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
 Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me,
 Raise the fal-len, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind,
 Let the heal-ing streams abound, Make and keep me pure with - in,



Hide me, O my Sav - ior! hide, Till the storms of life is past;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed; All my help from Thee I bring;
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right-eous-ness;
 Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free - ly let me take of thee;



Safe in - to the hav - en guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
 Cov - er my de-fense-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Spring thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

Children of the Heavenly King.

PLEYEL'S HYMN.

Rev. John Cennick (1718-1755), was born a Quaker, but joined the Church of England. He was associated for a time with John Wesley. He was a prolific hymn-writer. This is the best of his many hymns.

J. CENNICK, 1742.

I. J. PLEYEL, 1790.

1. Chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, As ye jour-ney, sweet-ly sing;
 2. We are trav'l - ing home to God, In the way the fa - thers trod:
 3. Lift your eyes, ye sons of light, Zi - on's cit - y is in sight:
 4. Fear not, breth-ren; joy - ful stand On the bor - ders of your land;
 5. Lord, o - bed - ient - ly we go, Glad - ly leav - ing all be - low;

Sing our Sav - ior's wor - thy praise, Glo - rious in His works and ways.
 They are hap - py now, and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.
 There our end - less home shall be, There our Lord we soon shall see.
 Je - sus Christ, your Fa - ther's Son, Bids you un - dis - mayed go on.
 On - ly Thou our Lead - er be, And we still will fol - low Thee.

How Gentle God's Commands.

DENNIS.

Rev. Philip Doddridge (1702-1751), an English Congregational clergyman, and the author of the "Family Expositor" and other books, was ordained at the age of twenty, and wrote and preached industriously. Many of his hymns are still in use, but this is the best of them as it is also the most familiar and best beloved.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

Arr. fr. H. G. NAGELI.

1. How gen - tle God's com-mands! How kind His pre - cepts are!
 2. Be - neath His watch - ful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell;
 3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wea - ry mind?
 4. His good - ness stands ap - proved, Un-changed from day to day:

Come, cast your bur - den on the Lord, And trust His con-stant care.
 That hand which bears cre - a - tion up Shall guard His chil - dren well.
 Haste to your heav'n-ly Fa - ther's throne, And sweet re - freshment find.
 I'll drop my bur - den at His feet, And bear a song a - way.

Love Divine, All Love Excelling.

LOVE DIVINE.

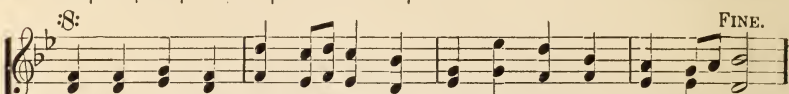
This is one of the noblest of the hymns by Wesley. One line in it is sometimes considered obscure. The allusion to the "promised rest" is not to the rest of heaven, but to the rest of service. "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, and ye shall find rest."

CHARLES WESLEY, 1746.

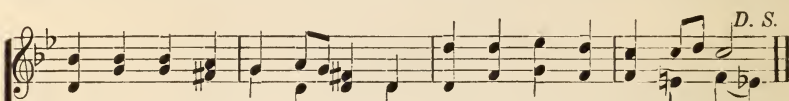
JOHN ZUNDEL.



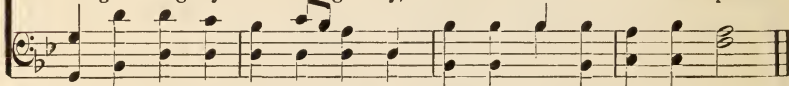
1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling,—Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, oh, breathe Thy lov-ing Spir-it; In-to ev-'ry troubled breast!
3. Fin-ish then Thy new cre-a-tion, Pure, un-spot-ted may we be:



- Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown;
D. S.-Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart.
 Let us all in thee in-her-it, Let us find the prom-ised rest;
D. S.-Speed-i-ly re-turn, and nev-er, Nev-er-more Thy tem-ples leave!
 Let us see our whole sal-va-tion, Per-fect-ly se-cured by Thee!
D. S.-Till we cast our crowns be-fore Thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise.



- Je-sus! thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
 Come, al-might-y to de-liv-er, Let us all thy life re-ceive!
 Chang'd from glory in-to glo-ry, Till in heav'n we take our place;



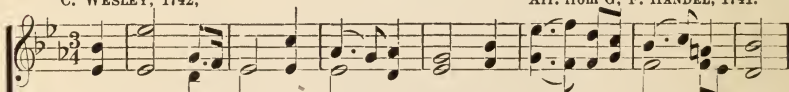
27 I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

BRADFORD.

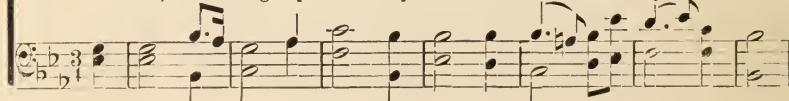
There were twenty-three stanzas in this hymn as Wesley wrote it. It is now abridged and sung to a tune arranged from one of the most exalted strains of the Messiah, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth."

C. WESLEY, 1742.

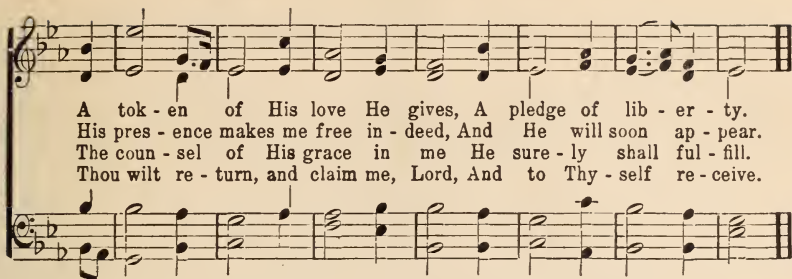
Arr. from G. F. HANDEL, 1741.



1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives And ev-er prays for me;
2. I find Him lift-ing up my head; He brings sal-va-tion near;
3. He wills that I should ho-ly be: What can with-stand His will?
4. Je-sus, I hang up-on Thy word: I stead-fast-ly be-lieve



I Know That My Redeemer Lives.



A tok - en of His love He gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.
His pres - ence makes me free in - deed, And He will soon ap - pear.
The coun - sel of His grace in me He sure - ly shall ful - fill.
Thou wilt re - turn, and claim me, Lord, And to Thy - self re - ceive.

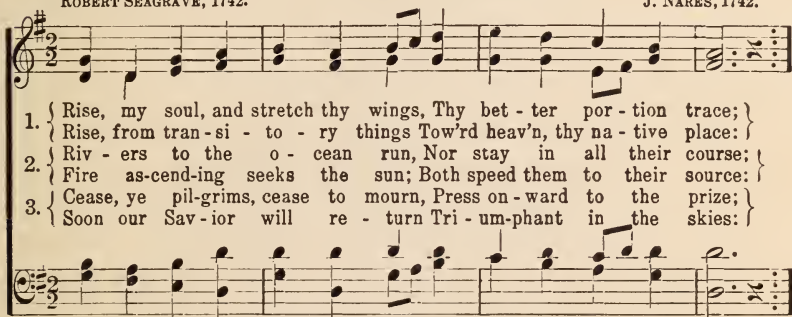
28 Rise, my Soul, and Stretch Thy Wings.

AMSTERDAM.

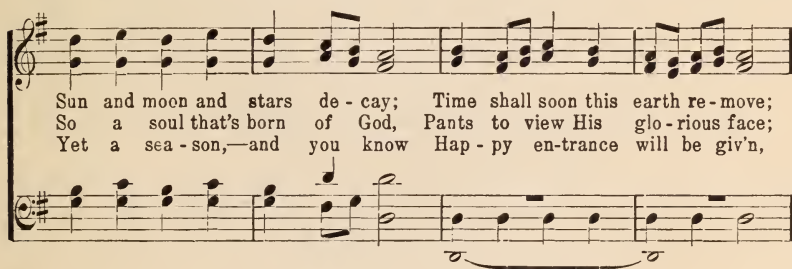
Rev. Robert Seagrave (1699-1759), an English Episcopal clergyman, much interested in the revival of Whitefield and Wesley, wrote several hymns which were prized at the time, but this alone of them is in common use at this day. He entitled it "The Better Portion."

ROBERT SEAGRAVE, 1742.

J. NARES, 1742.



1. { Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace; }
2. { Rise, from tran - si - to - ry things Tow'rd heav'n, thy na - tive place; }
3. { Riv - ers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course; }
4. { Fire as - cend - ing seeks the sun; Both speed them to their source; }
5. { Cease, ye pil - grims, cease to mourn, Press on - ward to the prize; }
6. { Soon our Sav - ior will re - turn Tri - um - phant in the skies; }



Sun and moon and stars de - cay; Time shall soon this earth re - move;
So a soul that's born of God, Pants to view His glo - rious face;
Yet a sea - son,—and you know Hap - py en - trance will be giv'n,



Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove.
Up - ward tends His a - bode, To rest in His em - brace.
All our sor - rows left be - low, And earth ex - changed for heav'n.

Father, Whate'er of Earthly Bliss.

NAOMI.

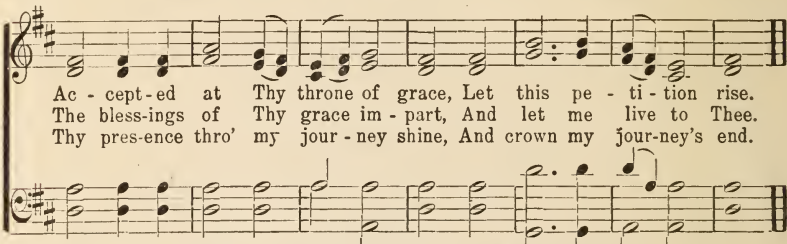
Miss Anne Steele (1716-1778) was an English Baptist. Her hymns breathe a spirit of sweet humility and devotion. Her "journey's end" was peaceful. Her last words were "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

Arr. by L. MASON, 1836.



1. Fa - ther, what-e'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov'-rein will de - nies,
 2. Give me a calm, a thank-ful heart, From ev-'ry mur-mur free;
 3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My path of life at-tend;



Ac - cept-ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise.
 The bless-ings of Thy grace im - part, And let me live to Thee.
 Thy pres-ence thro' my jour - ney shine, And crown my jour-ney's end.

30

Blest Be the Tie That Binds.

BOLSTON.

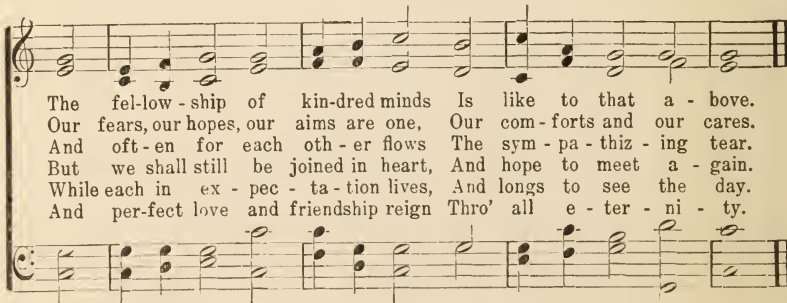
Rev. John Fawcett (1740-1817) an English Baptist, wrote the finest of parting hymns, animated by the spirit of Christian fellowship. He wrote it to be sung on the occasion of his resignation of a small church in Wainsgate; but the singing of the hymn by his broken-hearted church melted all in tears, and he remained.

J. FAWCETT, 1772.

L. MASON, 1832.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
 3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives' us in - ward pain;
 5. This glo - rious hope re - vives Our cour - age by the way;
 6. From sor - row, toil, and pain, And sin we shall be free;



The fel-low - ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
 And oft-en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.
 While each in ex - pec - ta - tion lives, And longs to see the day.
 And per-fect love and friendship reign Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

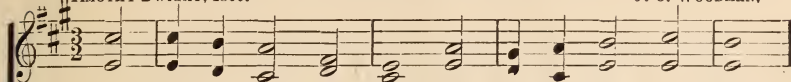
I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

STATE STREET.

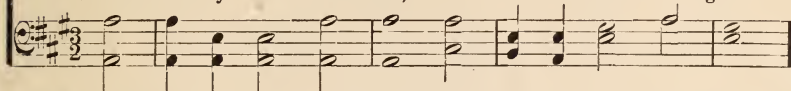
Timothy Dwight (1752-1817), a Congregational minister and president of Yale college, edited an edition of Watts' hymns in 1800 in which was this free rendering of Psalm 137. It contained eight stanzas, five of which constitute one of the greatest of American hymns.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, 1800.

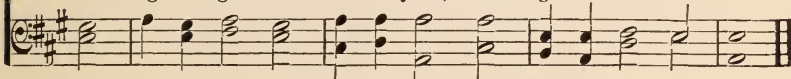
J. C. WOODMAN,



1. I love Thy king - dom Lord? The house of Thine a - bode,
2. I love Thy church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers as - cend;
4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n - ly ways,
5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n



The church, our blest Re - deem - er saved With His own pre - cious blood.
 Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till cares and toils shall end.
 Her sweet com-mun-ion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
 The bright-est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of heav'n.



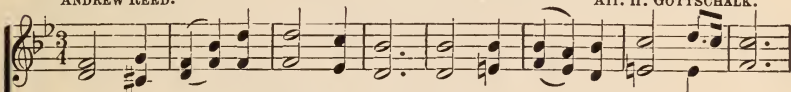
Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

LAST HOPE.

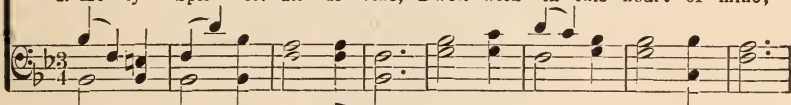
Rev. Andrew Reed (1787-1862), an English Congregationalist, was pastor of one church for fifty years. He visited America in 1834 in a time of deep religious interest, and returning to his own church found a great revival there. He wrote several books on revivals, and edited a hymn-book.

ANDREW REED.

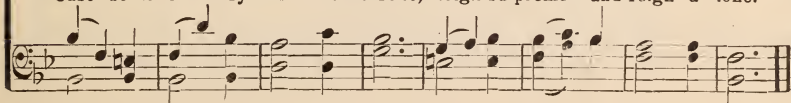
Arr. fr. GOTTSCHALK.



1. Ho - ly Ghost! with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost! with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guil - ty heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost! with joy di - vine, Cheer this sad-dened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it! all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;



Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.
 Long hath sin, with-out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
 Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wound - ed, bleed-ing heart.
 Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol throne, Reign su-preme—and reign a - lone.



Rev. Augustus M. Toplady (1740-1778) an English Episcopal minister, wrote one great hymn. He was a strong Calvinist and a vigorous opponent of the Wesleys. His hymn has been abbreviated and improved by several changes of later editions. It suggests the Biblical figure of "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

A. M. TOPLADY, 1775.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in Thee;
 D. C.—Be of sin the per - fect cure; Save me, Lord! and make me pure.
 2. Should my tears for - ev - er flow, Should my zeal no lan - guor know,
 D. C.—In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
 3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eye - lids close in death,
 D. C.—Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in Thee.

D. C.
 Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side that flowed,
 This for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save and Thou a - lone:
 When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

SELVIN.

Less popular than "Rock of Ages" but not inferior in beauty and sentiment is this hymn by the same author, Rev. A. M. Toplady (1740-1778).

A. M. TOPLADY, 1778.

Arr. by L. MASON.

1. If, through un - ruf - fled seas, Tow'rd heav'n we calm - ly sail,
 2. But should the surg - es rise, And rest de - lay to come,
 3. Soon shall our doubts and fears All yield to Thy con - trol:
 4. Teach us, in ev - 'ry state, To make Thy will our own;

With grate - ful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll own the fa - v'ring gale;
 Blest be the sor - row - kind the storm, Which drives us near - er home;
 Thy ten - der mer - cies shall il - lume The mid - night of the soul;
 And when the joys of sense de - part, To live by faith a - lone;

If, Through Unruffled Seas.

With grate-ful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll own the fa - v'ring gale.
 Blest be the sor - row - kind the storm, Which drives us near - er home.
 Thy ten - der mer - cies shall il - lume The mid - night of the soul.
 And when the joys of sense de - part, To live by faith a - lone.

35 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

CORONATION.

Edward Perronet an Episcopal clergyman (1726-1792) offered this hymn to the Methodist collection, but it was refused. By it alone is its author now remembered, for he wrote one of the greatest hymns in the language. There were seven stanzas. The stanza beginning, "Oh, that with yonder sacred throng" was added by J. Rippon in 1787.

E. PERRONET, 1779-80.

O. HOLDEN, 1793.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
 2. Crown Him, ye morn - ing stars of light, Who fixed this float - ing ball;
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
 4. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
 Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown Him Lord of all!
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all!
 Join in the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!

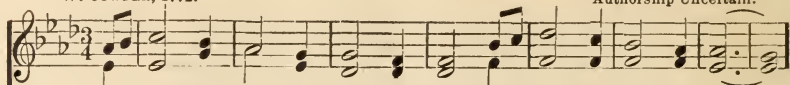
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
 Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown Him Lord of all!
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all!
 Join in the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!

MANOAH.

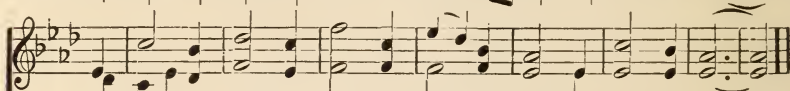
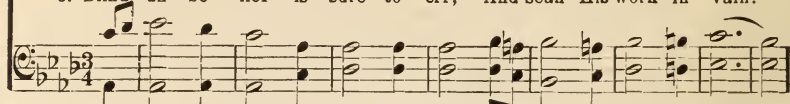
William Cowper (1731-1800), the bard of Olney, was joint author with John Newton of the "Olney Hymns." This hymn was written "in the twilight of departing reason" when he had been rescued from an attempt at suicide during insanity. It was Cowper's last contribution to the "Olney Hymns" and was written in 1772.

W. COWPER, 1772.

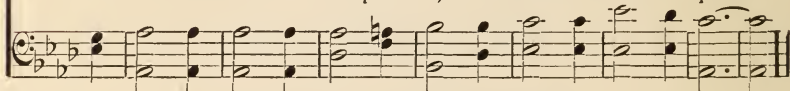
Authorship Uncertain.



1. God moves in a my-ste-rious way His won-ders to per-form;
2. Deep in un-fath-om-a-ble mines Of nev-er-fail-ing skill,
3. Ye fear-ful saints, fresh cour-age take; The clouds ye so much dread
4. Judge not the Lord by fee-ble sense, But trust Him for His grace;
5. His pur-pos-es will rip-en fast, Un-fold-ing ev-'ry hour.
6. Blind, un-be-lief is sure to err, And scan His work in vain:



He plants His foot-steps in the sea, And rides up-on the storm.
 He treas-ures up His bright de-signs, And works His sov'-reign will.
 Are big with mer-cy, and shall break In bless-ings on your head.
 Be-hind a frown-ing Prov-i-dence He hides a smil-ing face.
 The bud may have a bit-ter taste, But sweet will be the flower.
 God is His own in-ter-pret-er, And He will make it plain.

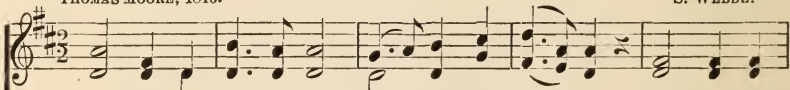


Come, Ye Disconsolate.

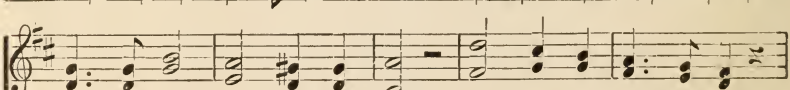
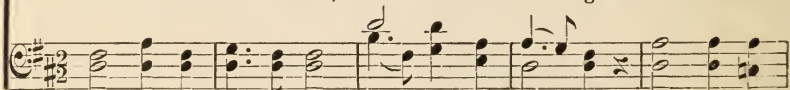
Thomas Moore (1779-1852), well known as Poet-Laureate, was an Irish bard, born in Dublin. He wrote 32 hymns, set to popular airs of different nations.

THOMAS MOORE, 1816.

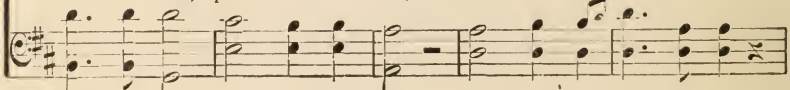
S. WEBBE.



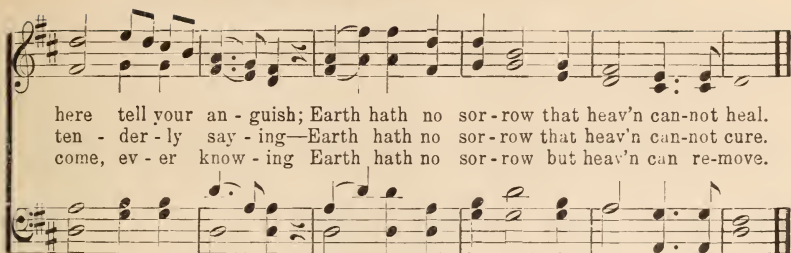
1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish; Come to the
2. Joy of the com-fort-less, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life; see wat-ers flow-ing Forth from the



mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wound-ed hearts,
 pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure; Here speaks the Com-fort-er,
 throne of God, pure from a-bove; Come to the feast of love:



Come, Ye Disconsolate.



here tell your an - guish; Earth hath no sor - row that heav'n can-not heal.
 ten - der - ly say - ing—Earth hath no sor - row that heav'n can-not cure.
 come, ev - er know - ing Earth hath no sor - row but heav'n can re-move.

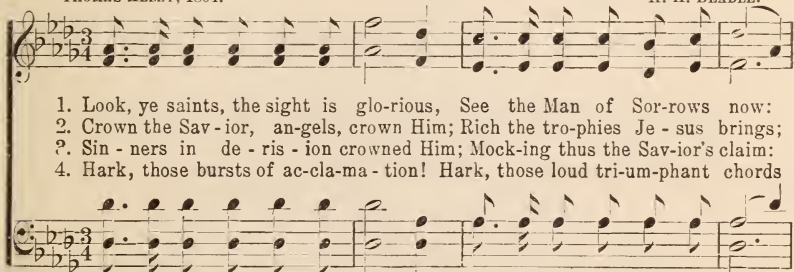
38 Look, ye Saints, the Sight is Glorious.

VICTORY.

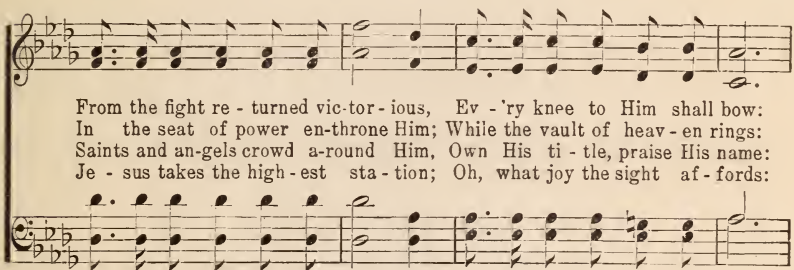
Rev. Thomas Kelly (1769-1854), wrote this hymn on the text Rev. 11:15. It is one of the great coronation hymns. He was an Irish Independent, and lived an earnest and useful life. In 1804 he published 96 hymns in a volume entitled "Hymns in Various Passages of Scripture," and afterward enlarged the number.

THOMAS KELLY, 1804.

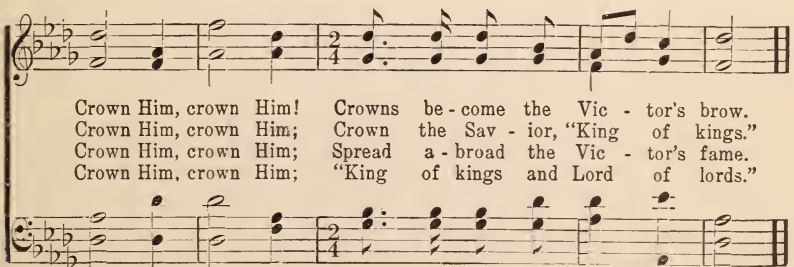
H. H. BEADLE.



1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo-rious, See the Man of Sor-rows now:
 2. Crown the Sav-ior, an-gels, crown Him; Rich the tro-phies Je - sus brings;
 3. Sin - ners in de - ris - ion crowned Him; Mock-ing thus the Sav-ior's claim:
 4. Hark, those bursts of ac-cla-ma - tion! Hark, those loud tri-um-phiant chords



From the fight re - turned vic-tor - ious, Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow:
 In the seat of power en-throne Him; While the vault of heav - en rings:
 Saints and an-gels crowd a-round Him, Own His ti - tle, praise His name:
 Je - sus takes the high - est sta - tion; Oh, what joy the sight af - fords:



Crown Him, crown Him! Crowns be - come the Vic - tor's brow.
 Crown Him, crown Him; Crown the Sav - ior, "King of kings."
 Crown Him, crown Him; Spread a - broad the Vic - tor's fame.
 Crown Him, crown Him; "King of kings and Lord of lords."

BRATTLE STREET.

Miss Helen Maria Williams (1762-1827), an English poetess, imprisoned in Paris during the Reign of Terror, expressed in this hymn with prophetic insight the faith she was soon to need in "the gathering storm."

HELEN M. WILLIAMS, 1786.

IGNACE PLEYEL.

1. { While thee I seek, pro- tect-ing pow'r! Be my vain wish - es stilled: }
 And may this con - se - crat-ed hour (*Omit*) } With
 2. { In each e - vent of life how clear Thy rul - ing hand I see! }
 Each bless-ing to my soul more dear (*Omit*) } Be-
 3. { When gladness wings my favored hour, Thy love my tho'ts shall fill; }
 Resigned, when storms of sor-row low'r, (*Omit*) } My

bet - ter hopes be filled; Thy love the pow'r of tho't bestowed; To thee my
 cause con-ferr'd by Thee. In ev - 'ry joy that crowns my days, In ev - 'ry
 soul shall meet Thy will. My lift - ed eye, without a tear, The gath'ring

tho'ts would soar: Thy mer - cy o'er my life has flow'd; That mer-cy I a - dore.
 pain I bear, My heart shall find de-light in praise Or seek re - lief in pray'r.
 storm shall see; My steadfast heart shall know no fear; That heart will rest on Thee.

HORTON,

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld (1743-1825), an English Unitarian, wrote many poems, filled with a sweet christian spirit. This hymn is a paraphrase of our Lord's invitation, Matthew 11: 28.

Mrs. A. L. BARBAULD, 1792.

Arr. fr. WARTENSEE.

1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice;
 2. Thou who, home-less and for-lorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn;
 3. Ye who, tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
 4. Hith - er come, for here is found Balm that flows for ev - 'ry wound,

Come, said Jesus' Sacred Voice.

I will guide you to your home; Wea-ry pil-grim, hith-er come.
 Long hast roamed the barren waste, Wea-ry wan-d'rer, hith-er haste.
 Ye, by fier-cer an-guish torn, In re-morse for guilt who mourn;
 Peace that ev-er shall en-dure, Rest e-ter-nal, sa-cred, sure.

41

Awake, My Soul in Joyful Lays.

LOVING KINDNESS.

Rev. Samuel Medley (1738-1799), an English Baptist pastor, wrote hymns for his congregation and printed them on slips. One of these, fitted to a quaint old camp-meeting melody, has lived through the century and more since it was written, and will still survive.

S. MEDLEY, 1782.

American Melody.

1. A-wake, my soul, in joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Re-deem-er's praise:
2. He saw me ru-ined in the fall, Yet loved me not - with-stand-ing all,
3. Thro' mighty hosts of cru-el foes, Where earth and hell my way op-pose,
4. So when I pass death's gloom-y vale, And life and mor-tal pow'rs shall fail,
5. Then shall I mount, and soar a-way To the bright world of end-less day;

He just-ly claims a song for me, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh, how free!
 And saved me from my lost es-tate, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh, how great!
 He safe-ly leads my soul a-long, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh, how strong!
 Oh, may my last ex-pir-ing breath His lov-ing kind-ness sing in death!
 There shall I sing, with sweet sur-prise, His lov-ing kind-ness in the skies,

Lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kind-ness, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh, how free!
 Lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kind-ness, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh, how great!
 Lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kind-ness, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh, how strong!
 Lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kind-ness, His lov-ing kind-ness sing in death!
 Lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kind-ness, His lov-ing kind-ness in the skies.

SABBATH.

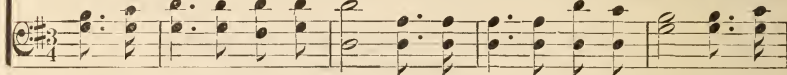
"John Newton, Clerk, once an infidel and libertine, a servant of slaves in Africa." So begins the inscription on the marble tablet prepared by himself and still standing in the church in which he preached in London. John Newton (1725-1807) "preserved, restored, pardoned and appointed to preach the faith he had long labored to destroy," wrote this hymn in 1779.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

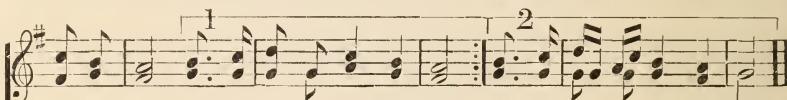
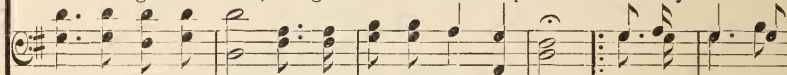
LOWELL MASON,



1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has bro't us on our way; Let us
2. While we seek sup - plies of grace, Thro' the dear Re-deem-er's name, Show Thy
3. Here we come Thy name to praise, Let us feel Thy presence near; May Thy
4. May Thy gos-pel's joy - ful sound Con-quer sin-ners, com-fort saints; Make the



now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in His courts to-day; Day of all the
rec-on-cil-ing face, Take a-way our sin and shame; From our world-ly
glo-ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap-pear; Here af-ford us,
fruits of grace a-bound, Bring re-lief for all com-plaints: Thus may all our



week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest; Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest.
cares set free, — May we rest this day in Thee; May we rest this day in Thee.
Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast; Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
Sab-baths prove, Till we rest in Thee a - bove; Till we rest in Thee a - bove.



43 At Evening Time Let There be Light.

HANDY.

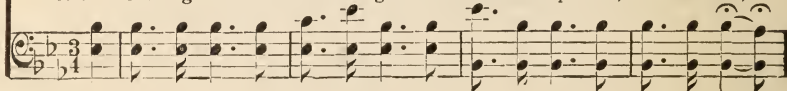
Among the best of hymns that breathe the spirit of comfort, is this by James Montgomery (1771-1854), suggested by Zech. 14:7.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1828.

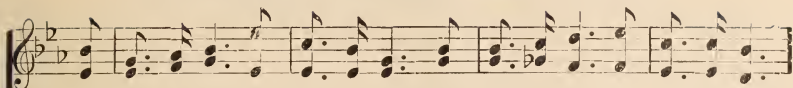
J. P. HOLBROOK.



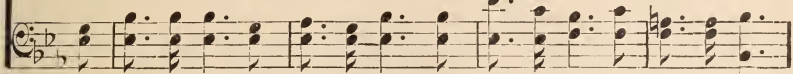
1. At evening time let there be light; Life's lit-tle day draws near its close;
2. At evening time let there be light; Storm-y and dark hath been my day—
3. At evening time there shall be light! For God hath spok-en; it must be;



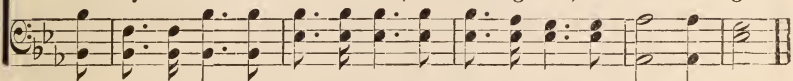
At Evening Time Let There be Light.



A-round me fall the shades of night, The night of death, the grave's re- pose;
Yet rose the morn di- vine- ly bright; Dews, birds, and blos- soms cheered the way;
Fear, doubt, and anguish take their flight; His glo- ry now is risen on me;



To crown my joys, to end my woes, At evening time let there be light.
Oh, for one sweet, one part- ing ray! At evening time let there be light.
Mine eyes shall His sal- va- tion see; 'Tis evening time, and there is light!



44 Savior, Breathe an Evening Blessing.

VESPER HYMN,

James Edmeston (1791-1867) an English clergyman, was a voluminous writer of religious poetry.
Several of his best hymns refer to Sabbath evening.

JAMES EDMESTON, 1820.

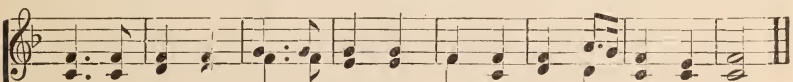
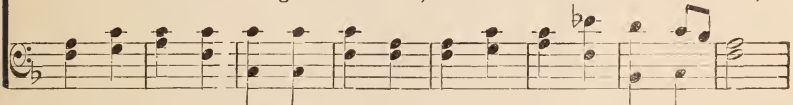
Arr. by L. MASON,



1. { Sav- ior, breathe an evening bless- ing, Ere re- pose our spir- its seal; }
2. { Sin and want we come con- fess- ing; Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal. }
1. { Thou art he who, nev- er wea- ry, Watch- eth where Thy peo- ple be. }
2. { Thou art he who, nev- er wea- ry, Watch- eth where Thy peo- ple be. }



Tho' de- struc- tion walk a- round us, Tho' the ar- row near us fly.
Should swift death this night o'er- take us, And our couch be- come our tomb,



An- gel guards from Thee sur- round us, We are safe if Thou art nigh.
May the morn in heav'n a- wake us, Clad in light and death- less bloom.



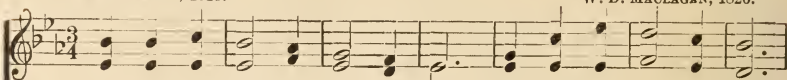
Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire.

PRINCE OF PEACE.

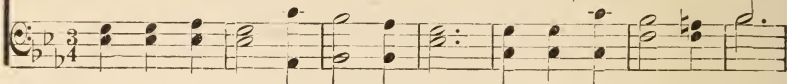
James Montgomery (1771-1854) an English Moravian, was an editor and hymn writer. This hymn has been criticised as being hardly more than a poetical definition, but in it many thousands of Christians have been helped to a truer appreciation of prayer.

J. MONTGOMERY, 1818.

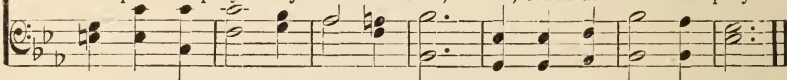
W. D. MACLAGAN, 1826.



1. Prayer is the soul's sin-cere de-sire, Ut-tered or un-expressed;
2. Prayer is the bur-den of a sigh, The fall-ing of a tear,
3. Prayer is the sim-plest form of speech That in-fant lips can try;
4. Prayer is the con-trite sin-ner's voice, Re-turn-ing from his ways;
5. Prayer is the Chris-tian's vi-tal breath, The Chris-tian's na-tive air;
6. O Thou, by whom we come to God, The life, the truth, the way!



The mo-tion of a hid-den fire That trem-bles in the breast.
 The up-ward glanc-ing of the eye, When none but God is near.
 Prayer the sub-lim-est strains that reach The Maj-es-ty on High.
 While an-gels in their songs re-joice, And cry "Be-hold, he prays!"
 His watch-word at the gates of death: He en-ters Heav'n with prayer.
 The path of prayer Thy-self hast trod; Lord, teach us how to pray.



Walk in the Light.

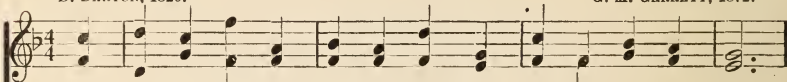
ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

Bernard Barton, (1784-1849) an English Quaker poet, wrote this hymn in the spirit of the "Inner Light," promised to Christians. His poetry was much admired by such poets as Byron and Southey.

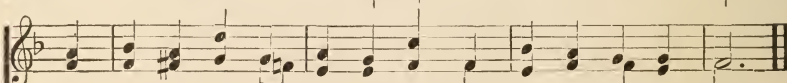
He spent his life as a bank clerk.

B. BARTON, 1820.

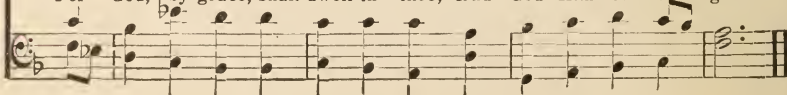
G. M. GARRETT, 1872.



1. Walk in the light, so shalt thou know That fel-low-ship of love
2. Walk in the light, and thou shalt find Thy heart made tru-ly His
3. Walk in the light, and thou shalt own Thy dark-ness passed a-way,
4. Walk in the light, and e'en the tomb No fear-ful shade shall wear;
5. Walk in the light, and thine shall be A path, though thorny, bright;



His Spir-it on-ly can be-stow, Who reigns in light a-bove.
 Who dwells in cloud-less light en-shrined, In whom no dark-ness is.
 Be-cause that light hath on thee shone, In which is per-fect day.
 Glo-ry shall chase a-way its gloom, For Christ hath con-quer-ed there.
 For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee, And God Him-self is light.



Sun of My Soul.

HURSLEY.

Rev. John Keble (1792-1866) wrote "The Christian Year," one of the world's great books, in which was a series of poems for special days observed by the Christian church. His evening hymn has become a classic. He was a remarkable scholar, a modest and faithful minister, and from the profits of his book rebuilt the church in Hursley, to which he ministered.

J. KEBLE, 1820.

P. RITTER, 1792. Arr by W. H. MONK, 1861.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
 2. When the soft dew's of kind - ly sleep My wear-y eye - lids gen - tly steep,
 3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can - not live;
 4. If some poor wan-d'ring child of Thine Have spurn'd to-day the voice di - vine,
 5. Watch by the sick; en - rich the poor With blessings from Thy boundless store;
 6. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take,

Oh, may no earth - born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.
 Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.
 A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
 Now, Lord, the gra - cious work be - gin; Let Him no more lie down in sin.
 Be ev-'ry mourn-er's sleep to - night, Like in-fant's slumber's, pure and light.
 Till in the o - cean of Thy love We lose our - selves in heav'n a - bove.

Softly Now the Light of Day.

SEYMOUR.

Bishop George Washington Doane (1799-1859), was an American Episcopalian, wrote a number of poems, which were published by his son in 1875. This poem, suggested by Psalm 141: 2 is the most popular. It contained four stanzas, but the fourth weakens the hymn, whose climax is at the end of the third stanza.

G. W. DOANE, 1827.

Arr from C. M. VON WEBER, 1826.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
 2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,
 3. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com-mune with Thee.
 Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin.
 Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

RATHBUN.

Sir John Bowring (1792-1872) was a Unitarian and an English diplomat, who spoke fluently 22 languages and could converse in 100. He was consul in China when he wrote this poem, and did not know for ten years that it was used as a hymn, when he heard it sung in a prayer meeting in Turkey by American missionaries. He rendered his country great services, Cut on his monument are the simple words "In the cross of Christ I glory."

Sir J. BOWRING, 1825.

I. CONKEY, 1851.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow-ning o'er the wrecks of time;
 2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an- noy,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
 4. Bane and bless - ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
 5. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow-ning o'er the wrecks of time;

All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
 Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the ra-diance streaming, Adds new lus-tre to the day.
 Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.
 All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

Bishop Reginald Heber (1783-1826), while still a young man, wrote this hymn to accompany a missionary sermon in 1819. The author later became a missionary bishop in India.

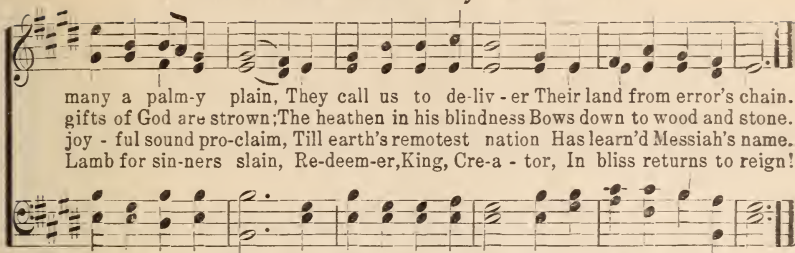
R. HEBER, 1819.

L. MASON, 1823.

1. From Greenland's i - cy mount-ains, From In - dia's cor - al strand, Where Afric's
 2. What tho' the spi - cy breez-es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle; Tho' ev - ry
 3. Shall we, whose souls are light-ed With wis-dom from on high, Shall we to
 4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa-ters, roll, Till, like a

sun-ny fountains Roll down their golden sand; From many an ancient riv - er, From
 prospect pleas-es, And on - ly man is vile; In vain with lav-ish kind-ness The
 morn be-night-ed The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va-tion! oh, sal - va-tion! The
 sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ransomed nature The

From Greenland's Icy Mountains.



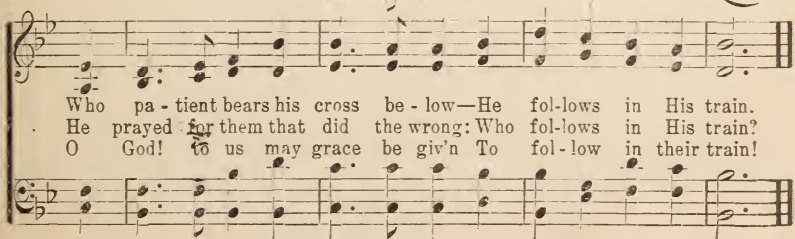
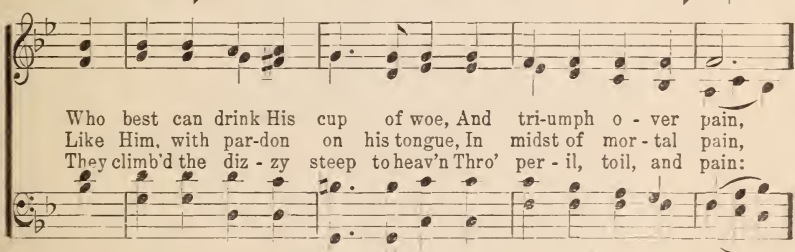
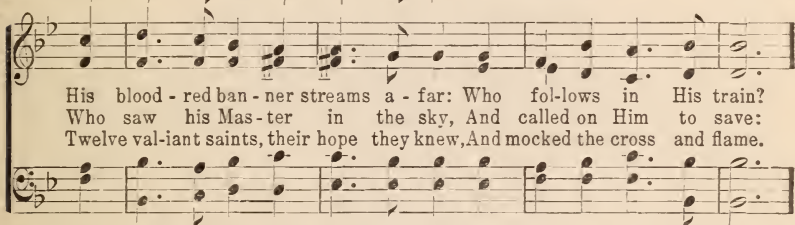
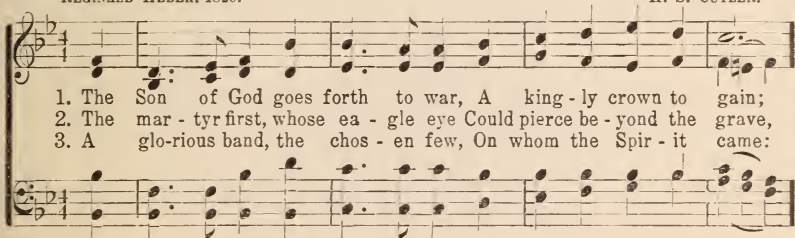
51 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

CUTLER.

Bishop Reginald Heber (1783-1826), a noted clergyman of the church of England, earnestly be-sought the authorities of his church to authorize the publication of his hymns, but was refused per-mission to use them in regular church services. His book was published in 1827, after his death, and his hymns are used all over the world.

REGINALD HEBER. 1820.

H. S. CUTLER.



RETREAT.

Rev. Hugh Stowell (1799-1865), an English Episcopalian, contributed this poem to a periodical in 1827. Perhaps no other English hymn more fully expresses the sense of united worship by those who "sundered far," meet by faith "around one common mercy-seat."

H. STOWELL, 1828.

T. HASTINGS, 1842.

1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
 2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads,
 3. There is a spot where spir-its blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
 4. There, there, on ea-gle's wing we soar, And time and sense mo-lest no more,

There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy-seat.
 A place than all be-side more sweet; It is the blood-bought mer-cy-seat.
 Though sun-dered far, by faith they meet A-round one com-mon mer-cy-seat.
 And heav'n comes down, our souls to greet, And glo-ry crowns the mer-cy-seat.

OLIVET.

Rev. Ray Palmer (1808-1887), an American Congregationalist, wrote this hymn in early manhood, in a period of ill-health. Over a year later Lowell Mason was compiling a hymn-book, and meeting Palmer in Boston asked him for a hymn. Palmer produced the verses from his pocket-book, and Mason copied them and wrote the tune "Olivet" to which the hymn has been sung ever since. It is one of the best of American hymns.

R. PALMER, 1830.

L. MASON, 1832.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry,
 2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint-ing heart,
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread,
 4. When ends life's tran-sient dream, When death's cold, sul-len stream

Sav-iour di-vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
 My zeal in-spire; As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
 Be Thou my guide; Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor-rows
 Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav-iour, then, in love, Fear and dis-

My Faith Looks up to Thee.

guilt a - way, Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
 love to Thee Pure, warm, and change-less be, A liv - ing fire.
 tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 trust re-move; Oh, bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul!

54

My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

AMERICA.

Rev. Samuel F. Smith (1808-1895), a Baptist minister, while a student in Andover Seminary, wrote a hymn to a tune which proved to be that of "God Save the King." It was first sung in Park Street Church, Boston, July 4th, 1832, and is now our best known national hymn.

SAMUEL F. SMITH, 1832.

H. CAREY.

1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee—Land of the no - ble, free—
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
 4. Our fa - thers' God! to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet free-dom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
 To thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free-dom's

Pil - grims' pride! From ev - 'ry mount-ain side Let free - dom ring!
 tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 breathe par-take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

Lead, Kindly Light.

LUX BENIGNA.

Cardinal John Henry Newman (1801-1890) an eminent Episcopal minister, wrote this hymn on ship-board between the islands of Corsica and Sardinia. He entitled it "The Pillar of Cloud." He joined the Roman Catholic church in 1845 and became distinguished there.

J. H. NEWMAN, 1833.

J. B. DYKES, (1823-1876).

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on, I loved to
 3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I
 choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on. I loved the gar-ish
 fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone; And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis-tant scene,—one step e-nough for me.
 day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: re-mem-ber not past years.
 an - gel - fa - ces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

O Worship the King.

LYONS.

Sir Robert Grant (1785-1838) an English member of Parliament, afterward Governor of Bombay, wrote several books in India, and also a number of hymns, beautiful in spirit, of which this one is reckoned as entitled to a place in the first ranks of English hymns.

SIR ROBERT GRANT, 1833.

Arr. fr. HAYDN.

1. Oh, wor - ship the King, all - glo - rious a - bove, And grate - ful - ly
 2. Oh, tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
 3. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
 4. Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we

O Worship the King.

sing His won-der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the
light, whose can-o-py space; His char-iots of wrath the deep
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-
trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer-cies how ten-der! how

An-cient of days, Pa-vil-ioned in splendor, and gird-ed with praise.
thun-der-clouds form, And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
scends to the plain, And sweet-ly dis-tills in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end! Our Mak-er, De-fend-er, Re-deem-er and Friend.

57 Around the Throne of God in Heaven.

CHILDREN'S PRAISES.

Mrs. Anne Shepheard, nee Houlditch, (1809-1857) wrote this sweet and well loved song for children. She was the author of 64 hymns for young people, of which this is the best known.

ANNE H. SHEPHERD, 1835.

H. E. MATTHEWS, 1854.

1. A-round the throne of God in heav'n Thou-sands of chil-dren stand,
2. What bro't them to that world a-bove, That heav'n so bright and fair,
3. On earth they sought the Sav-ior's grace, On earth they loved His name;

Chil-dren whose sins are all for-giv'n, A ho-ly, hap-py band,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love; How came those chil-dren there,
So now they see His bless-ed face, And stand be-fore the Lamb,

Sing-ing, "Glo-ry, glo-ry, Glo-ry be to God on high."

Just As I Am

WOODWORTH.

Charlotte Elliott, wife of Rev. H. V. Elliott, an English Episcopalian, died in 1872. Perhaps no penitential hymn in the English tongue has appealed to more hearts than this.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a-bout With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am, Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse relieve;
 5. Just as I am, Thy love unknown Hath brok-en ev-'ry barrier down;

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Fight-ings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Be - cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

Lord, Thy Glory Fills the Heaven.

FABEN.

Bishop Richard Mant (1776-1848), published in 1837 a volume of "Ancient Hymns," in which this was included. It is a free rendering of the ancient "Ter Sanctus" or "Thrice-Holy."

RICHARD MANT, 1837.

J. H. WILCOX.

1. Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en; Earth is with its full-ness stored;
 2. Ev - er thus in God's high prais-es, Brethren, let our tongues u-nite,
 3. Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en; Earth is with its full-ness stored;

Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!
 While our thoughts His great-ness rais-es, And our love His gifts ex - cite;
 Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!

Lord, Thy Glory Fills the Heaven.

Heav'n is still with an-thems ring-ing; Earth takes up the an-gels' cry,
 With His ser-aph train be-fore Him, With His ho-ly church be-low,
 Thus Thy glo-rious name con-fess-ing, We a-do-pt the an-gels' cry,

Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, sing-ing, Lord of hosts, thou Lord most high.
 Thus u-nite we to a-dore Him, Bid we thus our an-them flow.
 Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, bless-ing Thee, the Lord our God most high!

60 O God, Beneath Thy Guiding Hand.

DUKE ST.

Leonard Bacon (1802-1881), an American congregational minister, wrote this hymn in 1838 for the second centennial of New Haven. It is the best of hymns commemorating the Pilgrim and Puritan sires of America, and is commonly sung on Forefather's Day, Dec. 21.

LEONARD BACON, 1838.

J. HATTON.

1. O God, be-neath Thy guid-ing hand, Our exiled fathers crossed the sea,
 2. Thou heardst, well pleased, the song, the pray'r, Thy blessing came; and still its pow'r
 3. What change! thro' pathless wilds no more The fierce and naked say-age roams,
 4. Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God Came with those exiles o'er the waves,
 5. And here Thy name, O God of love, Their children's children shall a-dore,

And when they trod the wintry strand, With pray'r and psalm they worshiped Thee.
 Shall onward thro' all a-ges bear The mem'ry of that ho-ly hour.
 Sweet praise, along the cul-tured shore, Breaks from ten thousand happy homes.
 And where their pilgrim feet have trod, The God they trusted guards their graves.
 Till these e-ter-nal hills re-move, And spring adorns the earth no more.

ST. ANNE.

Bishop Arthur Cleveland Coxe (1818-1896), an American Episcopalian, contributed this hymn to the Churchman in 1839. It is an exalted poem, a free rendering of Psalm 48 and is loved by Christians everywhere.

A. C. COXE, 1839.

W. CROFT, 1708.

1. Oh, where are kings and em-pires now Of old that went and came?
 2. We mark her good-ly bat-tle-ments, And her foun-da-tions strong;
 3. For not like king-doms of the world Thy ho-ly church, O God!
 4. Un-shak-en as e-ter-nal hills, Im-mov-a-ble she stands,

But, Lord, Thy church is pray-ing yet, A thou-sand years the same.
 We hear with-in the sol-emn voice Of her un-end-ing song;
 Tho' earth-quake shocks are threat'ning her, And tempests are a-broad;
 A mount-ain that shall fill the earth, A house not made by hands.

62 I Think When I Read that Sweet Story of Old.

SWEET STORY.

Jemima Luke, nee Thompson (b. 1813), wife of an English Congregational minister, composed this hymn while riding in a stage-coach, and first used it in the village school near her father's home. She began writing for the press at the age of 13, and published several books.

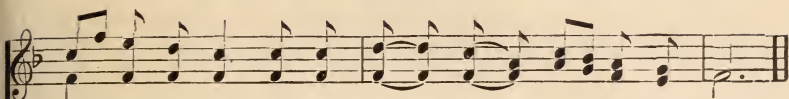
JEMIMA LUKE, 1841.

English.

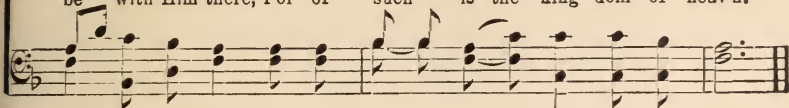
1. I think when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When
 2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His
 3. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And
 4. In that beau-ti-ful place He has gone to pre-pare For

Je-sus was here a-mong men. How He called lit-tle chil-dren as
 arm had been thrown a-round me, And that I might have seen His kind
 ask for a share of His love: And if I thus ear-nest-ly
 all who are washed and for-giv'n: And ma-n-y dear chil-dren shall

I Think When I Read that Sweet Story of Old.



lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
 look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."
 seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove,
 be with Him there, For of such is the king - dom of heav'n.



63

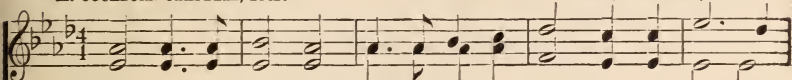
Praise Ye Jehovah.

JEHOVAH.

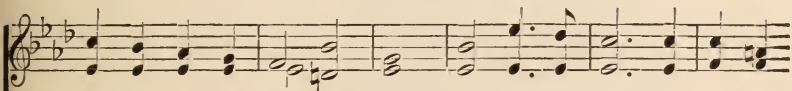
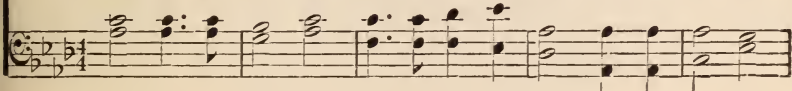
Lady Margaret Cockburn-Campbell (d. 1859), was the wife of one of the founders of the Plymouth Brethren of England. Her hymns were printed for private circulation, but this one has found a place in many hymn-books.

M. COCKBURN-CAMPBELL, 1842.

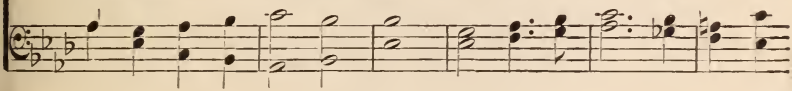
E. J. HOPKINS, 1818—



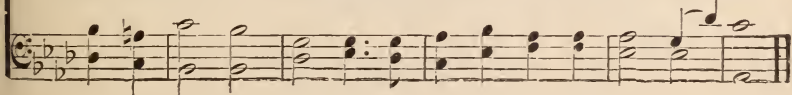
1. Praise ye Je - ho - vah! praise the Lord most ho - ly, Who cheers the
2. Praise ye the Lord, for all His lov - ing kind - ness, And all the
3. Praise ye Je - ho - vah, source of ev - 'ry bless - ing Be - fore His



con - trite, girds with strength the weak; Praise Him who will with glo - ry
 ten - der mer - cy He hath shown; Praise Him who par - dons all our
 gifts earth's rich - est boons are dim; Rest - ing in Him, His peace and



crown the low - ly, And with sal - va - tion beau - ti - fy the meek.
 sin and blind - ness, And calls us sons, and takes us for His own.
 joy pos - sess - ing, All things are ours, for we have all in Him.



BETHANY.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams, (1805-1848) an English Unitarian, wrote this pretty celebrated poem suggested by Joel's vision in Genesis 28: 10-22. It is somewhat long for a hymn, and the stanzas are so related that it is not easy to omit any; but it is destined to live and to be loved.

Mrs. S. F. ADAMS. 1841.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
 2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, the sun gone down, Darkness comes o - ver me -
 3. There let the way ap-pear steps un - to heav'n, All that Thou send-est me
 4. Then with my wak-ing tho'ts bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston-y griefs
 5. Or if on joy - ful wing cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for-got,

D. S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee.

D. S.

FINE.

that rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be—Near-er, my God, to Thee,
 my rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
 in mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
 Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
 up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,

near - er to Thee.

CONCONE.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander, nee Humphreys, (1823-1895) wrote some of the sweetest of children's hymns. This one has become a favorite with older people also, who find here a sweet and childlike interpretation of the death of Him "Who died to save us all."

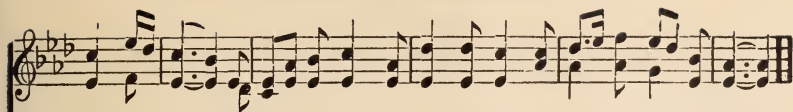
Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER, 1848.

Arr. fr. CONCONE.

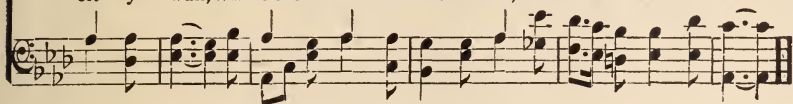
1. There is a green hill far a-way, Without a cit-y wall, Where the dear Lord was
 2. He died that we might be forgiv'n, He died to make us good, That we might go at
 3. Oh, dear-ly, dear-ly, has He loved, And we must love Him too, And trust in His re-

cru - ci-fied, Who died to save us all. We may not know, we cannot tell What pains He
 last to heav'n, Sav'd by His precious blood. There was no other good enough To pay the
 deeming blood, And try His works to do. For there's a green hill far away, Without a

There is a Green Hill.



had to bear; But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suffered there.
price of sin; He on - ly could un-lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.
cit - y wall, Where the dear Lord was crucified, Who died to save us all.



66

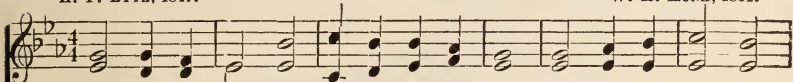
Abide With Me.

EVENTIDE.

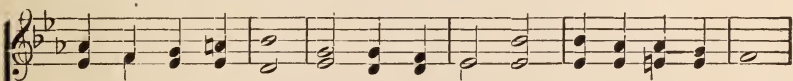
Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, (1793-1847) a minister of the church of England, lived a life of disappointment and ill-health. But out of his sorrows was born one of our best hymns.

H. F. LYTE, 1847.

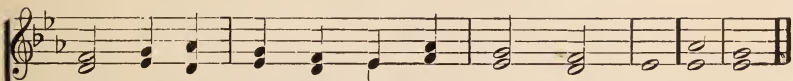
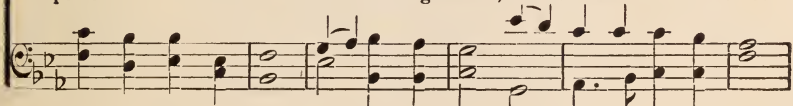
W. H. MONK, 1861.



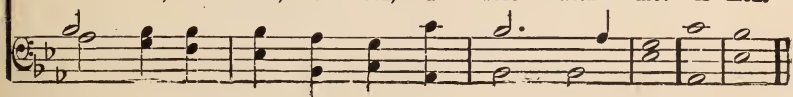
1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven-tide; The dark-ness deep - ens;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its
3. I need Thy pres-ence ev-'ry pass-ing hour: What but Thy grace can
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and
5. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos-ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and



Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee,
glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a-round I see:
foil the tempter's pow'r? Who like Thy-self my guide and stay can be?
tears no bit - ter-ness. Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?
point me to the skies. Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee—



Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me.
O Thou who chang-est not, a - bide with me!
Thro' cloud and sun - shine, oh, a - bide with me!
I triumph still, if Thou a - bide with me.
In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me! A - men.



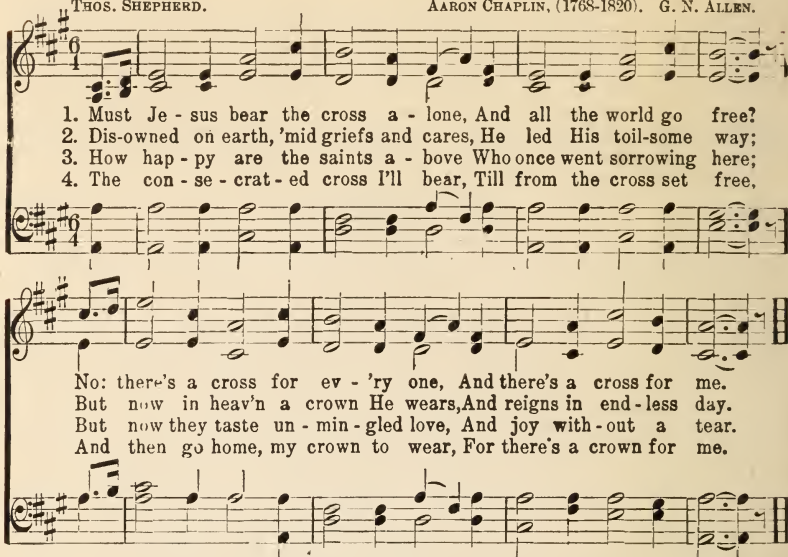
Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone.

MAITLAND.

The hymn from which this was adapted began "Must Simon bear the Cross Alone?" and was written in 1692 by Thos. Shepherd (1665-1739). It was changed, and the tune arranged for it in 1849 by Prof. G. N. Allen (1812-1877) of Oberlin Conservatory of Music. The scripture allusion is Luke 23:26,

THOS. SHEPHERD.

AARON CHAPLIN, (1768-1820). G. N. ALLEN.



1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
 2. Dis-owned on earth, 'mid griefs and cares, He led His toil-some way;
 3. How hap - py are the saints a - bove Who once went sorrowing here;
 4. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till from the cross set free.

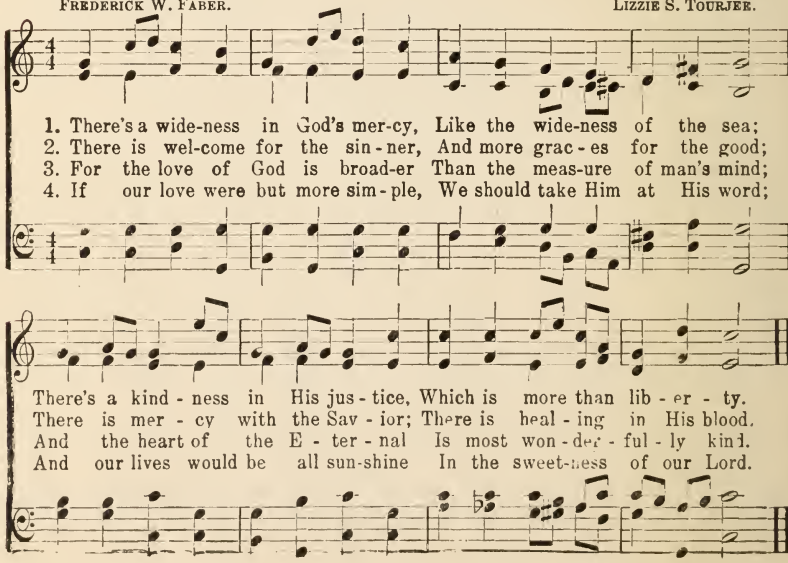
No: there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
 But now in heav'n a crown He wears, And reigns in end-less day.
 But now they taste un - min - gled love, And joy with-out a tear.
 And then go home, my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

Simple, direct as prose, and full of child-like faith, this hymn of Faber (1814-1863), lives in the hymnology of the Church universal.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.



1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
 2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more grac-es for the good;
 3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
 4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word;

There's a kind - ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
 There is mer - cy with the Sav - ior; There is heal - ing in His blood.
 And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kin - i.
 And our lives would be all sun - shine In the sweet - ness of our Lord.

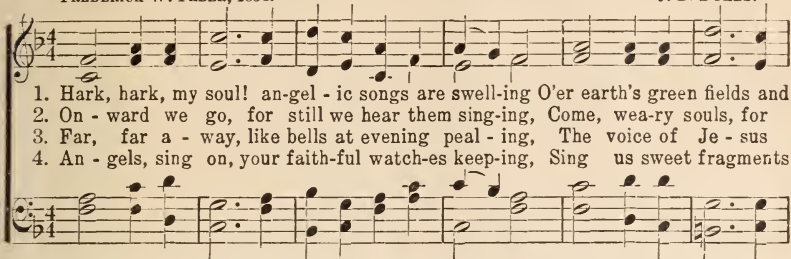
Hark, Hark my Soul.

VOX ANGELICA.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber (1814-1863), an Episcopal minister who became a Roman Catholic, wrote some of the choicest of English hymns, among them none sweeter than this evening song.

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1854.

J. B. DYKES.



1. Hark, hark, my soul! an-gel - ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing-ing, Come, wea-ry souls, for
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at evening peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus
4. An - gels, sing on, your faith-ful watch-es keep-ing, Sing us sweet fragments



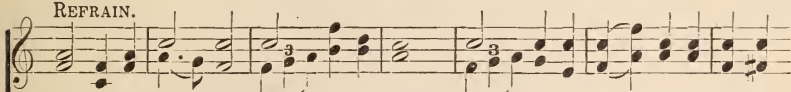
o-cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth these bless - ed strains are
 Je - sus bids you come; And through the dark, its ech - oes sweet-ly
 sounds o'er land and sea; And la - den souls, by thousands meek - ly
 of the songs a - bove; Till morn-ing's joy shall end the night of



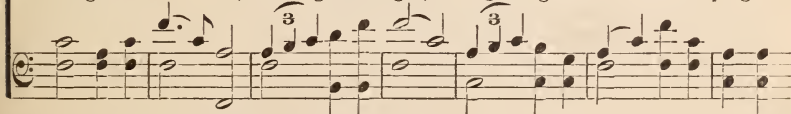
tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
 ring - ing, The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home.
 steal - ing, Kind Shep-herd, turn their wea - ry steps to Thee.
 weep - ing, And life's long shad - ows break in cloud - less love.



REFRAIN.



An-gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel-come the pil-grims



of the night, Sing-ing to wel-come the pil-grims, the pil-grims of the night.



CASKEY.

In 1850, Miss Anna L. Waring, 1820—, an English Quakeress, published her "Hymns and Meditations." There are but nineteen of the hymns, but all were good. This one attained universal popularity.

ANNA L. WARING, 1850.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. In heav'n-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear,
 2. Wher-ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back;
 3. Green pas-tures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen;

And safe in such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chan - ges here:
 D. S.—But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis-mayed?
 My Shep-herd is be - side me, And noth - ing can I lack:
 D. S.—He knows the way he tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where dark - est clouds have been:
 D. S.—My Sav-ior has my treas - ure, And he will walk with me.

The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid;
 His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim:
 My hope I can - not meas - ure; My path to life is free;

ST. LEONARD.

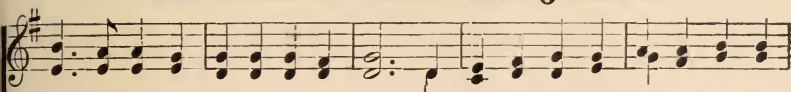
Miss Adelaide A. Procter (1825-1864), who wrote "The Lost Chord," was the daughter of "Barry-Cornwall." She gave her life in loving service for others not sparing herself. She was born an Episcopalian, but died a Roman Catholic.

A. A. PROCTER, 1858.

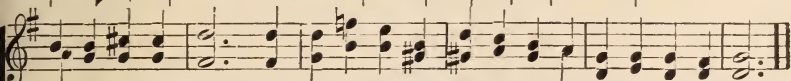
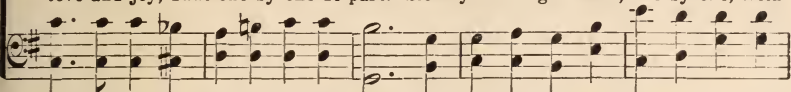
H. HILES, 1867.

1. The shadows of the ev'ning hours Fall from the dark'ning sky; Upon the fragrance
 2. The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord, Oh, do not Thou despise, But let the in-cense
 3. Slow-ly the rays of day-light fade; So fade with-in our heart The hopes in earthly

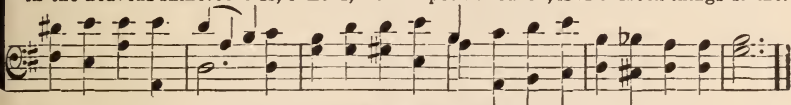
The Shadows of the Evening Hours.



of the flow'rs The dew's of evening lie. Be-fore Thy throne, O Lord of heav'n, We
of our prayers Before Thy mercy rise. The brightness of the coming night Up-
love and joy, That one by one de-part. Slow-ly the bright stars, one by one, With-



kneel at close of day; Look on Thy children from on high, And hear us while we pray.
on the darkness rolls; With hopes of future glory chase The shadows from our souls.
in the heavens shine: Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven, And trust in things divine.



72

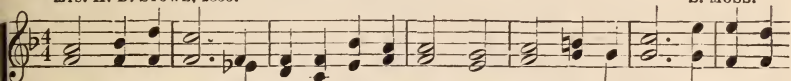
Still, Still, With Thee.

CULLINGWORTH.

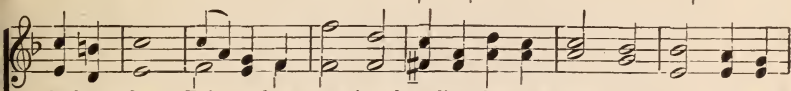
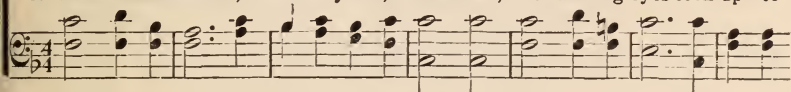
Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe (1811-1896), one of the best known of American writers, was the daughter of Rev. Lyman Beecher, and wife of Prof. C. E. Stowe, a noted theologian in the Congregational Church. This hymn is suggested by Psalm 139:18.

Mrs. H. B. STOWE, 1855.

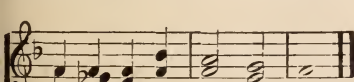
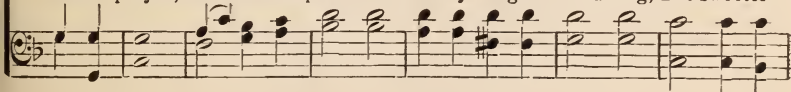
E. MOSS.



1. Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh, When the bird waketh and the
2. A - lone with Thee, a - mid the mystic shad-ows, The solemn hush of na-ture
3. When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slum-ber, Its clos-ing eyes look up to

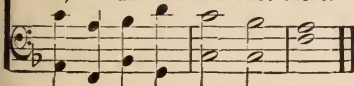


shad-ows flee; Fair-er than morn-ing, love-lier than the daylight, Dawns the sweet
new-ly born; A - lone with Thee, in breathless a-do - ra - tion, In the calm
Thee in prayer; Sweet the re-pose be-neath Thy wings o'er-shad-ing, But sweeter



consciousness, I am with Thee!
dew and freshness of the morn.
still, to wake and find Thee there.

- 4 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee!



73 Father, in Thy Mysterious Presence Kneeling.

HENLEY.

This sweet hymn of strength and calm trust was written by a Unitarian minister, Rev. Samuel Johnson (1822-1882), author of a well known work on Oriental Religions. He was editor with Samuel Longfellow of a book of hymns, and was himself the author of a number of excellent poems.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1846.

LOWELL MASON.

8:

1. Fa - ther! in thy mys-ter-i-ous pres-ence kneel-ing, Fain would our souls fee
D. S.—Of trust, and strength, and

2. Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow, And Thou hast made each
D. S.—Thou wilt sus-tain us

3. Now, Fa-ther! now in Thy dear pres-ence kneeling, Our spir-its yearn to
D. S.—Of trust, and strength, and

FINE. D. S.

all Thy kind-ling love; For we are weak, and need some deep re-veal-ing
calmness from a-bove.
step an on-ward one; And we will ev - er trust each unknown mor-row;
till its work is done.
feel Thy kind-ling love; Now make us strong; we need Thy deep reveal-ing
calmness from a-bove.

74 Father, I Know that All my Life.

SLINGSBY.

Few hymns breathe a sweeter spirit of trust than this by Miss Waring, an English poetess, born in 1820.

ANNA L. WARING, 1850.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Fa - ther, I know that all my life Is portioned out for me;
2. I ask Thee for a thought-ful love, Through constant watching wise,
3. I would not have the rest - less will That hur - ries to and fro,
4. I ask Thee for the dai - ly strength, To none that ask de - nied,

The chan - ges that will sure - ly come I do not fear to see:
To meet the glad with joy - ful smiles, And wipe the weep-ing eyes;
Seek-ing for some great thing to do, Or se - cret thing to know;
A mind to blend with out-ward life, While keep-ing at Thy side;

Father, I Know that All My Life.

I ask Thee for a pres - ent mind, In - tent on pleas - ing Thee.
 A heart at leis - ure from it - self, To soothe and sym - pa - thize.
 I would be treat - ed as a child, And guid - ed where I go.
 Con - tent to fill a lit - tle space, If Thou be glo - ri - fied.

75

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.

CAROL.

Rev. Edwin H. Sears (1810—), an American Unitarian minister, wrote this hymn for the Christian Register in 1850. The beauty of its sentiment and the flow of its rythm are matched only by its high thought and glorious hope.

EDWIN H. SEARS, 1850.

R. S. WILLIS.

1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
2. Still through the clov - en skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - furled;
3. O ye, be - neath life's crush - ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing low,
4. For lo! the days are hast - ning on, By proph - et - bards fore - told,

FINE.

From an - gels bend - ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold;
 D. S.—earth in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.
 And still ce - les - tial mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world;
 D. S.—ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds, The bless - ed an - gels sing.
 Who toil a - long the climb - ing way, With pain - ful steps and slow;—
 D. S.—rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing!
 When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Comes round the age of gold!
 D. S.—the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing!

D. S.

"Peace to the earth, good-will to men, From heaven's all-gracious King:" The
 A - bove its sad and low - ly plains; They bend on heav'n - ly wing, And
 Look up! for glad and gol - den hours Come swift - ly on the wing; Oh,
 When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its fin - al splen - dors fling, And

IRBY

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander (1823-1895), wife of the Bishop of Derry, Ireland, has endeared herself to the Christian world by this beautiful hymn of the nativity.

C. F. ALEXANDER, 1848.

H. J. GAUNTLET, (1805-1876)

1. { Once in roy - al Da - vids cit - y Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed, }
 { Where a moth - er laid her Ba - by In a man - ger for His bed: }
 2. { He came down to earth from heav - en, Who is God and Lord of all, }
 { And His shel - ter was a sta - ble, And His cra - dle was a stall: }

Ma - ry was that moth - er mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child.
 With the poor, and mean, and lowly, Lived on earth our Sav - ior holy.

- 3 And, thro' all His wondrous childhood, He would honor and obey.
 Love, and watch the lowly maiden
 In whose gentle arms He lay:
 Christian children all must be
 Mild, obedient, good as He.
- 5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
 Through His own redeeming love;
 For that Child so dear and gentle
 Is our Lord in heaven above:
 And He leads His children on
 To the place where He is gone.
- 4 For He is our childhood's pattern;
 Day by day like us He grew;
 He was little, weak, and helpless,
 Tears and smiles like us He knew:
 And He feeleth for our sadness,
 And He shareth in our gladness.
- 6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
 With the oxen standing by,
 We shall see Him, but in heaven,
 Set at God's right hand on high:
 When like stars His children crowned,
 All in white shall wait around.

DIADEMATA.

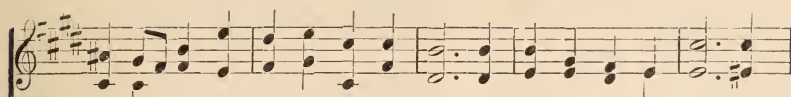
Matthew Bridges (1800-1893), was an English Episcopalian, but became a Roman Catholic. In 1848 he published a book called "Hymns of the Heart" in which this is the finest composition.

M. BRIDGES, 1848.

G. J. ELVEY, (1816-1893)

1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne; Hark! how the heav'nly
 2. Crown Him the Lord of peace, Whose power a sceptre sways From pole to pole, that
 3. Crown Him the Lord of years, The po - ten - tate of time, Cre - a - tor of the

Grown Him With Many Crowns.



an - them drowns All music but its own; A - wake, my soul, and sing Of
wars may cease, And all be pray'r and praise. His reign shall know no end, And
roll-ing spheres, In - ef - fa - bly su - blime. All hail, Re-deem-er, hail! For



Him who died for thee, And hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all eterni-ty.
round His pierced feet Fair flowers of Paradise extend Their fragrance ever sweet.
Thou hast died for me; Thy praise shall never, never fail Thro'-out eter- ni-ty.



78

One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

DAWN

Phoebe Cary (1825-1871), an American poetess, with her sister Alice, left many poems very popular in their day, and a few abiding hymns.

Miss PHOEBE CARY, 1852.

Rev. EDWIN POND PARKER, 1871.



1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,
2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where ma - ny man - sions be;
3. Near - er my go - ing home, Lay - ing my hur - den down,
4. Near - er that hid - den stream, Wind - ing through shades of night,
5. Je - sus, to Thee I cling: Strength - en my arm of faith;



Near - er my part - ing hour am I Than e'er I was be - fore.
Near - er the throne where Je - sus reigns, Near - er the cry - stal sea;
Leav - ing my cross of heav - y grief, Wear - ing my star - ry crown.
Roll - ing its cold, dark waves be - tween Me and the world of light.
Stay near me while my way-worn feet Press through the stream of death.



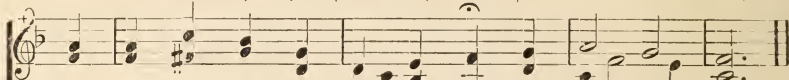
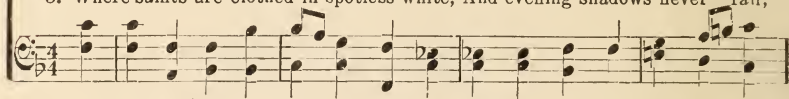
79 The Radiant Morn Hath Passed Away.

SARUM.

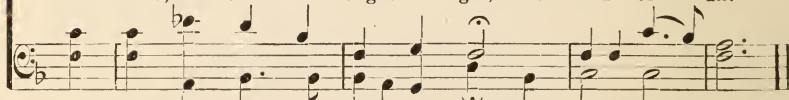
Rev. Godfrey Thring (1823-1903), an English rector, issued a volume of 40 hymns in 1866, and in 1880 compiled the Church of England Hymn-Book. This hymn for Sunday evening is one that will live. GODFREY THRING, 1864. J. HULLAH.



1. The ra-diant morn hath passed a-way, And spent too soon her gold-en store;
2. Our life is but a fad-ing dawn; Its glo-rious noon how quick-ly past!
3. Oh, by Thy soul-in-spir-ing grace, Up-lift our hearts to realms on high;
4. Where light and life and joy and peace In un-di-vid-ed em-pire reign,
5. Where saints are clothed in spotless white, And evening shadows never fall;



The shad-ows of de-part-ing day Creep on once more.
Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone, Safe home at last.
Help us to look to that bright place Be-yond the sky;—
And thron-ging an-gels nev-er cease Their death-less strain;—
Where Thou, e-ter-nal Light of light, Art Lord of all!



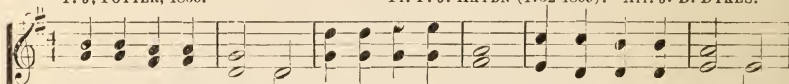
80 Brightly Gleams our Banner.

ST. ALBAN.

Rev. Thomas J. Potter (1827-1873), was a member of the Church of England, but became a Roman Catholic. He was professor of Pulpit Eloquence in Dublin. This is a marching hymn, fitted to a fine melody.

T. J. POTTER, 1860.

FR. F. J. HAYDN (1732-1809). Arr. J. B. DYKES.



1. Bright-ly gleams our ban-ner, Pointing to the sky, Wav-ing on Christ's soldiers
2. Je-sus, Lord and Mas-ter, At Thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts re-joic-ing
3. All our days di-rect us In the way we go, Lead us on vic-to-rious
4. Then with saints and an-gels May we join a-bove, Offering pray'rs and prais-es

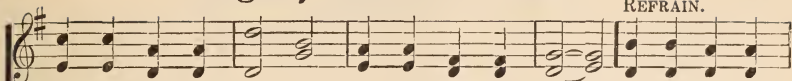


To their home on high. Marching thro' the des-ert, Glad-ly thus we pray,
See Thy chil-dren meet: Oft-en have we left Thee, Oft-en gone a-stray;
O-ver ev-ry foe: Bid Thine an-gels shield us When the storm-clouds lower,
At Thy throne of love; When the toil is o-ver, Then come rest and peace,

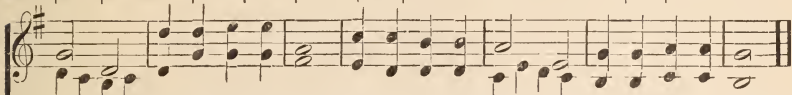


Brightly Gleams our Banner.

REFRAIN.



Still with hearts u - nit - ed Sing - ing on our way.
Keep us, might-y Sav - ior, In the nar - row way. Bright-ly gleams our
Par - don, Lord, and save us In the last dread hour.
Je - sus in His beau - ty, Songs that nev - er cease.



ban-ner, Pointing to the sky, Waving on Christ's soldiers To their home on high.



81

For All Thy Siant's.

SARUM

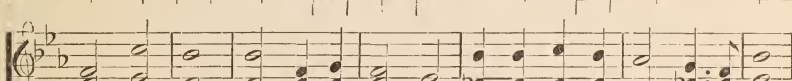
Bishop William W. How (1823-1897), was the author of some sixty hymns, characterized by pure rhythm, simplicity and sincerity. This is the best of them—a hymn of gratitude for the lives of the faithful who have lived and died, and entered into life.

W. W. How, 1864.

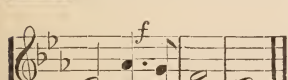
J. BARNEY, 1869.



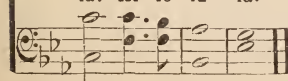
1. For all Thy saints who from their labors rest, Who Thee by faith before the
2. Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might: Thou, Lord, their captain in the
3. Oh, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold, Fight as the saints who nobly
4. Oh, blest com-mun-ion, fel-low-ship di-vine! We fee-bly struggle, they in
5. And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long, Steals on the ear the dis-tant



world confessed, Thy name, O Je - sus, be for - ev - er blest. Al - le - lu -
well-fought fight; Thou, in the darkness drear, their light of light. Al - le - lu -
fought of old, And win, with them, the victors' crown of gold. Al - le - lu -
glo - ry shine: Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Al - le - lu -
tri-umph-song, And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Al - le - lu -



ia! Al - le - lu - ia!



- 6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!
- 7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on His way. Alleluia!
- 8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Alleluia!

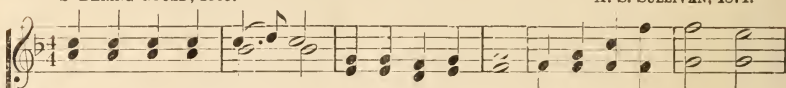
Onward, Christian Soldiers.

ST. GERTRUDE.

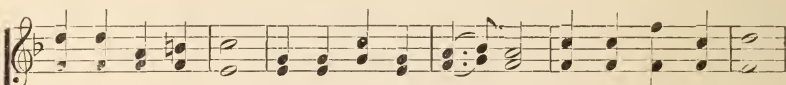
The best marching hymn which this generation has produced is this by Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould (1834—), an English Episcopal minister and a versatile writer.

S. BARING-GOULD, 1865.

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1871.



1. On-ward, Chris-tian sol-diers, March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus,
2. Like a might-y ar - my, Moves the church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Jesus
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices,



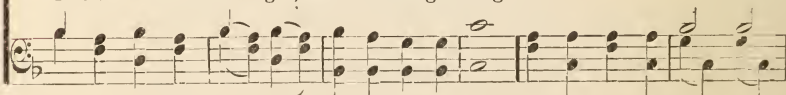
Go-ing on be-fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-against the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di-vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
Constant will re-main: Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King:



CHORUS.



Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go.
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char-i - ty. On-ward, Christian soldiers,
We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
This thro' countless a - ges, Men and an-gels sing.



Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.



war, With the cross of Je - sus

Now the Day is Over.

EMMELAR

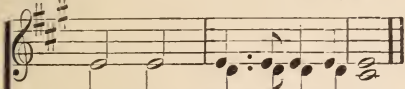
Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, b. 1834, rector of a church in Devonshire, England, wrote this sweet twilight hymn, a fine contrast for his stirring "Onward Christian Soldiers."

S. BARING-GOULD.

J. BARNEY.

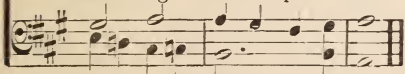


1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh, Shad-ows of the
 2. Je - sus give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose; With Thy tend' rest
 3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vis-ions bright of Thee; Guard the sail-or



eve - ning Steal across the sky.
 bless - ing May our eyelids close.
 toss - ing On the deep blue sea.

- 4 Through the long night-watches,
 May Thine angels spread
 Their white wings above me,
 Watching round my bed.



- 5 When the morning wakens,
 Then may I arise,
 Pure and fresh and sinless
 In Thy holy eyes.

evening Steal a - cross

Angel Voices Ever Singing.

ANGEL VOICES.

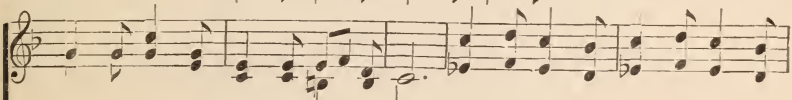
Rev. Francis Pott, b. 1832, a clergyman of the Church of England, wrote this sweet hymn of praise in 1866. It is widely used and its popularity does not diminish.

FRANCIS POTT, 1866.

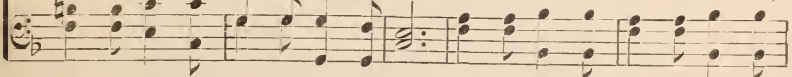
A. S. SULLIVAN.



1. An-gel voic-es, ev - er sing-ing Round Thy throne of light—An-gel harps, for
 2. Thou, who art be-yond the farthest Mor-tal eye can scan, Can it be that

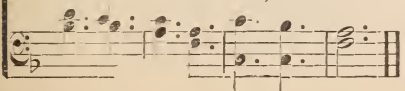


ev - er ring-ing, Rest not day nor night; Thousands on - ly live to bless Thee,
 Thou re-gard-est Songs of sin - ful man? Can we feel that Thou art near us,



And con-fess Thee, Lord of might!
 And wilt hear us? Yea, we can!

- 3 Here, great God, today we offer
 Of Thine own to Thee;
 And for Thine acceptance proffer,
 All un-worthily,
 Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
 In our choicest melody.



When the Weary, Seeking Rest.

INTERCESSION.

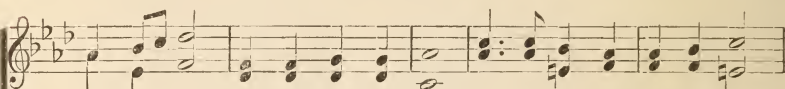
Rev. Horatius Bonar (1808-1889), a Scotch Presbyterian, was one of the foremost preachers of Edinburgh, and a writer of powerful hymns. This one is a prayer "for all sorts and conditions of men."

HORATIUS BONAR, 1866.

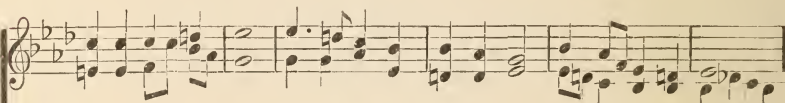
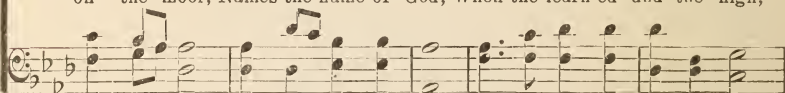
W. H. CALLCOTT, 1867.



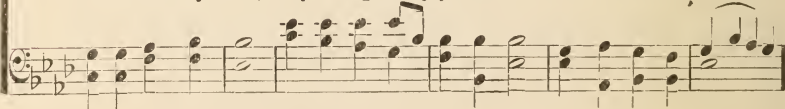
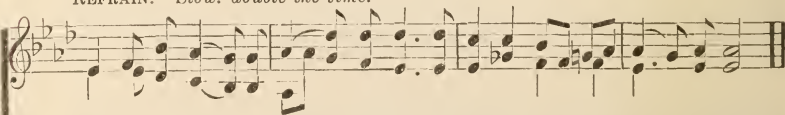
1. When the wea-ry, seek-ing rest, To Thy goodness flee; When the heav-y
2. When the worldling, sick at heart, Lifts his soul a-bove; When the prod-i-
3. When the stranger asks a home, All his toils to end; When the hun-gry
4. When the man of toil and care, In the cit-y crowd, When the shepherd



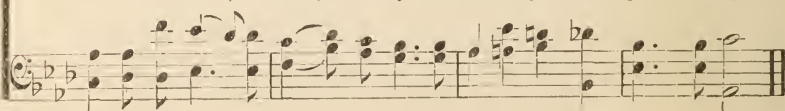
la - den cast All their load on Thee; When the troubled, seeking peace,
gal looks back To his Fa-ther's love; When the proud man from his pride
crav - eth food, And the poor a friend; When the sail - or on the wave
on the moor, Names the name of God; When the learn-ed and the high,



On Thy name shall call; When the sinner seeking life, At Thy feet shall fall;
Stoops to seek Thy face; When the burdened brings his guilt To Thy throne of grace;
Bows the fer-vent knee; When the soldier on the field Lifts his heart to Thee;
Tired of earth-ly fame, Up-on high-er joys in-tent, Name the bless-ed Name;

REFRAIN. *Slow: double the time.*

Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry, In heav'n, Thy dwelling place on high.



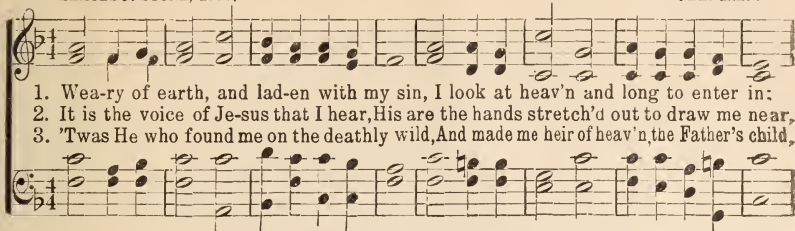
86 Weary of Earth, and Laden with My Sin.

LANGRAN.

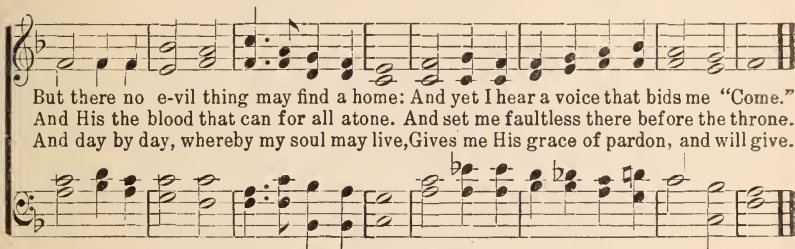
Rev Samuel J Stone who wrote this hymn in 1866, was an English Episcopalian, vicar of St. Paul's Church, Haggerstone, London. It is a sweet song of penitence and trust.

SAMUEL J. STONE, 1866.

J. LANGRAN.



1. Wea-ry of earth, and lad-en with my sin, I look at heav'n and long to enter in:
2. It is the voice of Je-sus that I hear, His are the hands stretch'd out to draw me near,
3. 'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild, And made me heir of heav'n, the Father's child,



But there no e-vil thing may find a home: And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."
And His the blood that can for all atone. And set me faultless there before the throne.
And day by day, whereby my soul may live, Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

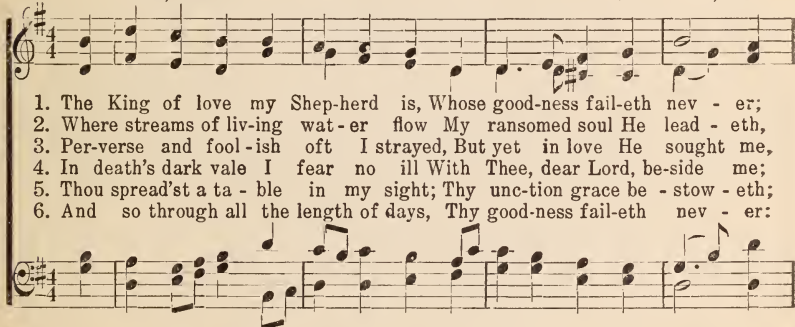
87 The King of Love My Shepherd Is.

DOMINUS REGIT ME.

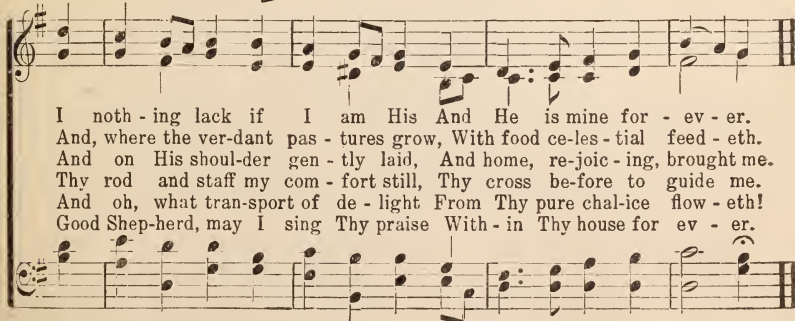
Sir Henry Williams Baker (1821-1877), an English clergyman and baronet, wrote this fine paraphrase of the 23rd Psalm, and spoke as his last words the last two lines of the third stanza.

H. W. BAKER, 1868.

J. B. DYKES, 1868.



1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev - er;
2. Where streams of liv-ing wat-er flow My ransomed soul He lead - eth,
3. Per-verse and fool-ish oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me,
4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear Lord, be-side me;
5. Thou spread'st a ta - ble in my sight; Thy unc-tion grace be - stow - eth;
6. And so through all the length of days, Thy good-ness fail-eth nev - er:



I noth - ing lack if I am His And He is mine for - ev - er.
And, where the ver-dant pas - tures grow, With food ce-les - tial feed - eth.
And on His shoul-der gen - tly laid, And home, re-joic - ing, brought me.
Thy rod and staff my com - fort still, Thy cross be-fore to guide me.
And oh, what trans-port of de - light From Thy pure chal-ice flow - eth!
Good Shep-herd, may I sing Thy praise With - in Thy house for ev - er.

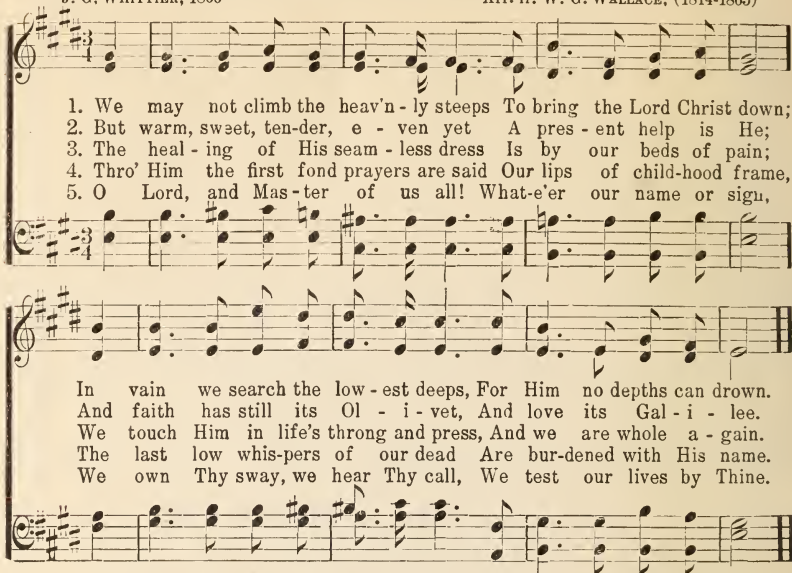
88 We may not Climb the Heavenly Steeps.

SERENITY.

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892) the Quaker poet, left a few hymns, which have greatly enriched the song of the Church Universal. Few hymns have a better right to live than this.

J. G. WHITTIER, 1866

Arr. fr. W. G. WALLACE, (1814-1865)



1. We may not climb the heav'n-ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
 2. But warm, sweet, ten-der, e - ven yet A pres - ent help is He;
 3. The heal - ing of His seam - less dress Is by our beds of pain;
 4. Thro' Him the first fond prayers are said Our lips of child-hood frame,
 5. O Lord, and Mas - ter of us all! What-e'er our name or sign,

In vain we search the low - est deeps, For Him no depths can drown.
 And faith has still its Ol - i - vet, And love its Gal - i - lee.
 We touch Him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a - gain.
 The last low whis-pers of our dead Are bur-den-ed with His name.
 We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine.

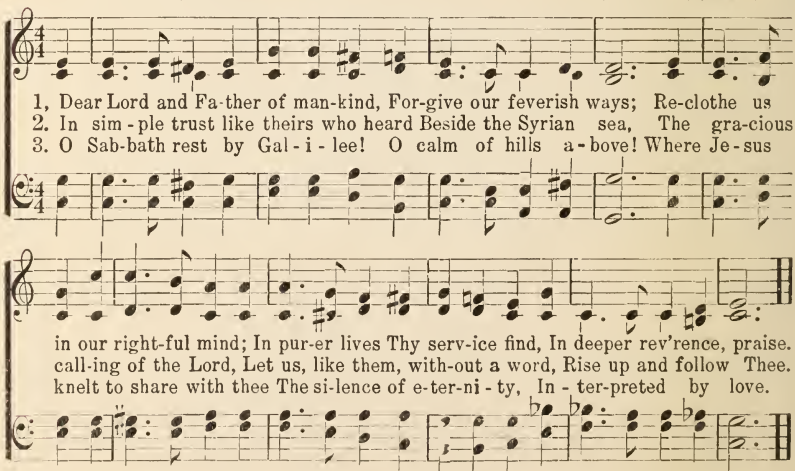
89 Dear Lord and Father of Mankind.

ELTON.

Into an age heated with ambition and desire, restless and stirring, the poet Whittier sang his songs of a deep peace, of which this is one of the sweetest.

J. G. WHITTIER, 1872.

F. C. MAKER, (1844—)



1. Dear Lord and Fa-ther of man-kind, For-give our feverish ways; Re-clothe us
 2. In sim-ple trust like theirs who heard Beside the Syrian sea, The gra-cious
 3. O Sab-bath rest by Gal-i-lee! O calm of hills a-bove! Where Je-sus

in our right-ful mind; In pur-er lives Thy serv-ice find, In deeper rev'rence, praise.
 call-ing of the Lord, Let us, like them, with-out a word, Rise up and follow Thee.
 knelt to share with thee The si-lence of e-ter-ni-ty, In - ter-preted by love.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 4 Drop Thy still dews of quietness, Till all our strivings cease; Take from our souls the strain and stress, And let our ordered lives confess The beauty of Thy peace. | 5 Breathe through the heats of our desire Thy coolness and Thy balm; Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire: Speak thro' the earthquake, wind and fire, O still small voice of calm! |
|---|---|

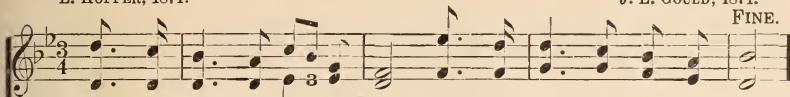
Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Rev. Edward Hopper (1818-1888), an American Presbyterian, was pastor of the "Church of the Land and the Sea." He wrote this poem in 1871 for the Sailors' Magazine, and it made its way into the hymn-books.

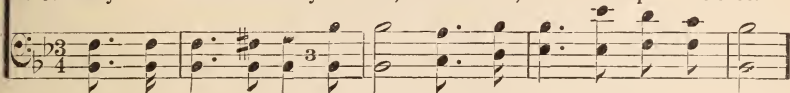
E. HOPPER, 1871.

J. E. GOULD, 1871.

FINE.

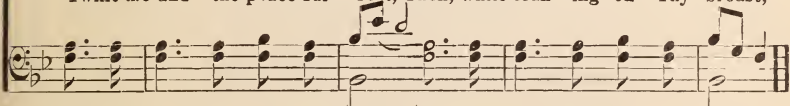


1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-u-ous sea;
 D. C.—Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild,
 D. C.—Won-drous Sov-'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar
 D. C.—May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."



D. C.

Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treacherous shoal;
 Boisterous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still."
 'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,



Lord of All Being.

LOUVAN.

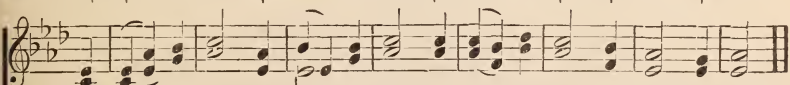
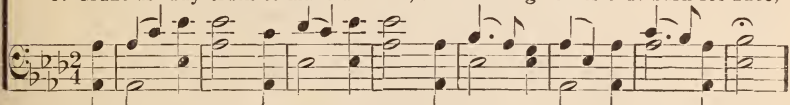
No hymn in the English language more finely uses the symbolism of light than this by the genial American poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894).

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

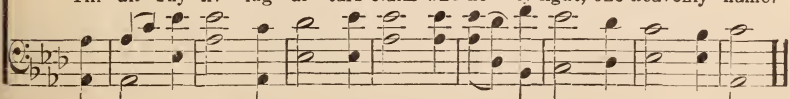
V. C. TAYLOR.



1. Lord of all be - ing; throned a-far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star;
 2. Sun of our life, Thy quick-ning ray Sheds on our path the glow of day;
 3. Our mid-night is Thy smile with-drawn; Our noon-tide is Thy gra-cious dawn;
 4. Lord of all life, be-low, a-bove, Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
 5. Grant us Thy truth to make us free, And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,



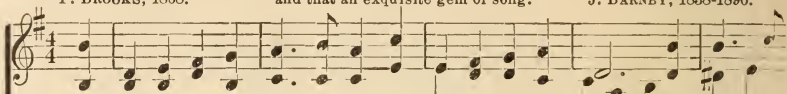
Gen - ter and soul of ev - 'ry sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near!
 Star of our hope, Thy soft-ened light Cheers the long watch-es of the night.
 Our rain-bow arch Thy mer - cy's sign; All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine!
 Be - fore Thy ev - er - blaz-ing throne We ask no lus - ter of our own.
 Till all Thy liv - ing al - tars claim One ho - ly light, one heavenly flame!



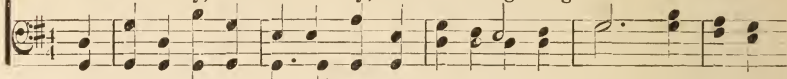
O Little Town of Bethlehem.

BETHLEHEM.

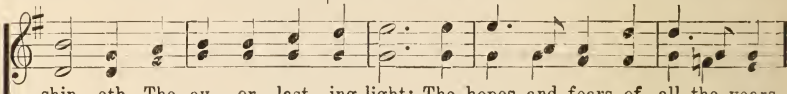
Philips Brooks (1835-1893) great as a bishop, greater as a preacher, left behind him one hymn,
P. BROOKS, 1898. and that an exquisite gem of song. J. BARNEY, 1838-1896.



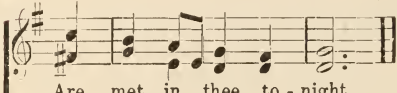
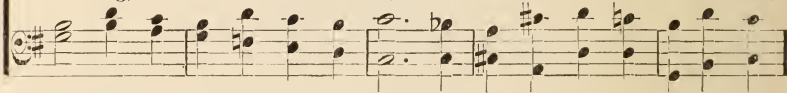
1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie! . . A - bove thy
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gathered all a - bove, . . While mortals
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The wondrous gift is giv'n! . . So God im -



deep and dreamless sleep The si - lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets
sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love, O morn - ing stars, to -
parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His heav'n, No ear may hear His



shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing light; The hopes and fears of all the years
geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth! And prais - es sing to God the King
com - ing, But in this world of sin, Where meek souls will re - ceive Him still,



Are met in thee to - night.
And peace to men on earth,
The dear Christ en - ters in.

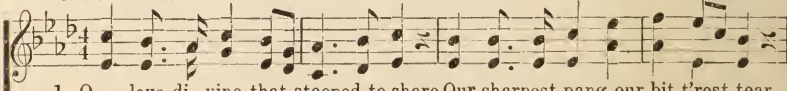


- 4 O holy child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in;
Be born in us to - day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

93 O Love Divine that Stooped to Share.

DWIGHT.

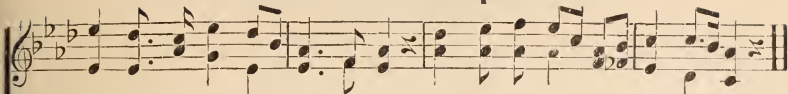
Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894) has left us, among all his poems, none sweeter or more
O. W. HOLMES. reverent than this: Arr. fr. BELLINI.



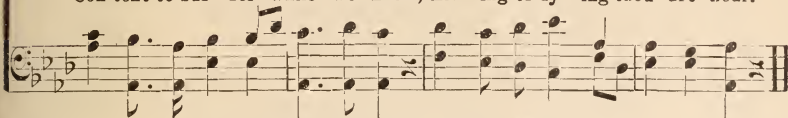
1. O love di - vine that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bit - trest tear,
2. Tho' long the wea - ry way we tread, And sorrow crown each ling'ring year,
3. When drooping pleasure turns to grief, And trembling faith is changed to fear,
4. On Thee we fling our burdening woe, O Love di - vine, for ev - er dear;



0 Love Divine that Stooped to Share.



On Thee we cast each earth-born care, We smile at pain, while Thou art near.
No path we shun, no darkness dread, Our hearts still whisp'ring, Thou art near.
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf, Shall softly tell us thou art near.
Con-tent to suf-fer while we know, Liv-ing or dy-ing thou art near.



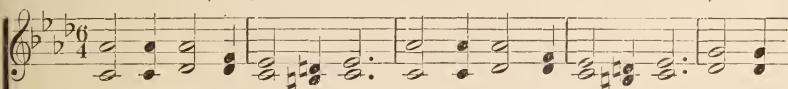
94 Day is Dying in the West.

CHAUTAUQUA

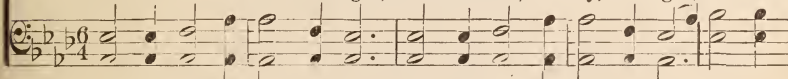
Mrs. Mary A. Lathbury (b.1841) is a Swedenborgian, but was reared a Methodist, and was prominent in the Chautauqua movement. For the Chautauqua Vesper Services she wrote this, the best of recent evening hymns

MARY A. LATHBURY, 1880.

W. F. SHERWIN, 1877.



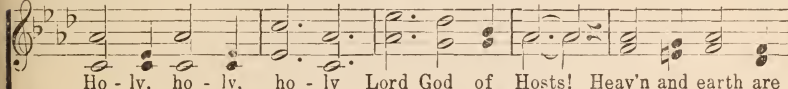
1. Day is dy-ing in the west; Heav'n is touch-ing earth with rest; Wait and
2. Lord of life be-neath the dome Of the U-ni-verse, Thy home, Gath-er
3. While the deepening shadows fall, Heart of love, en-fold-ing all, Thro' the
4. When for-ev-er from our sight, Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of



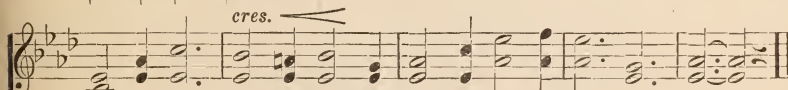
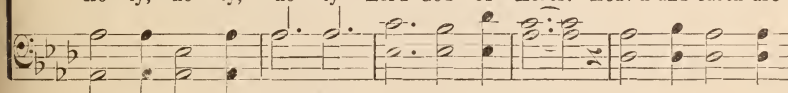
wor-ship while the night Sets her evening lamps a-light Thro' all the sky.
us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
glo-ry and the grace of the stars that veil Thy face. Our hearts as-cend.
an-gels, on our eyes Let e-ter-nal morn-ing rise, And shad-ows end.



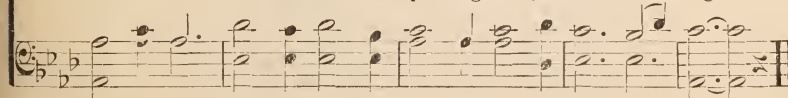
REFRAIN.



Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are



full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high!



ST. CHRISTOPHER.

This is one of the best of modern hymns on the cross of Christ, rhythmic in the flow of its lines, and reverent in its interpretation of the Great Sacrifice.

E. C. CLEPHANE, 1868.

F. C. MAKER, 1881.

1. Be-neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand, The shadow of a
2. Up - on the cross of Je - sus, Mine eye at times can see The ve - ry dy-ing
3. I take, O Cross, Thy shad-ow For my a-bid-ing place; I ask no oth-er

might-y rock With-in a wea - ry land; A home with-in the wil-der-ness, A
form of one Who suffered there for me. And from my smitten heart with tears, These
sunshine than The sun-shine of His face; Con-tent to let the world go, by, To

rest upon the way, From the burning of the noon-tide heat, And the burden of the day.
won-ders I confess,—The wonder of His glorious love, And my own worthlessness.
know no gain nor loss, My sin-ful self my on-ly shame, My glo-ry all the cross.

Peace, Perfect Peace.

PAX TECUM.

Best known to us by his book, "Yesterday, Today and Forever." Henry Bickersteth, Bishop of Exeter, has given us many poems, and a unique hymn. The first line of each stanza implies a plain-tive question, and the second for an answer a promise of the Savior.

E. H. BICKERSTETH, 1875.

G. T. CALDBECK, 1877.

1. Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin: The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.
2. Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed: To do the will of Jesus,—this is rest.
3. Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round, On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

- 4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away:
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.
5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown:
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours:
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
7 It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to Heaven's perfect peace.

HERMAS

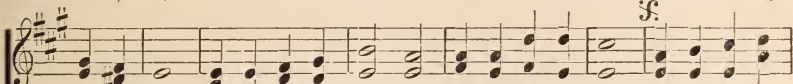
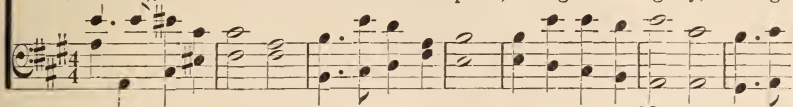
Miss Frances Ridley Havergal, daughter of Rev. W. H. Havergal, lived a life of courage and faith and wrote many books and hymns. Her health was never robust, and at times she suffered intensely, but she put only joy and hope into her songs.

F. R. HAVERGAL, 1872.

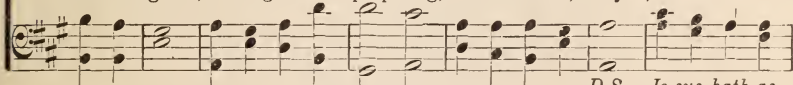
F. R. HAVERGAL, 1872.



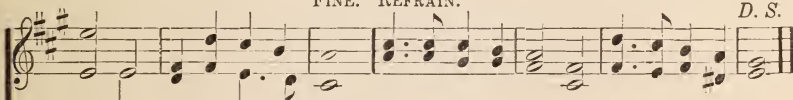
1. Golden harps are sound-ing, Angel voices ring, Pearly gates are opened, Opened
2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crown'd with glory, At His
3. Pleading for His children In that blessed place, Calling them to glory, Sending



for the King, Christ, the King of Glo-ry, Je-sus, King of love, Is gone up in Father's side. Nev-er more to suf-fer, Nev-er more to die; Je-sus, King of them His grace, His bright home preparing, Faithful ones, for you, Jesus ev-er



FINE. REFRAIN.

D.S.—Je-sus hath as-
D. S.

tri-umph To His throne a-bove.

glo-ry, Is gone up on high. All His work is end-ed; Joy-ful-ly we sing,
liv-eth, Ev-er lov-eth too.



cend-ed, Glo-ry to our King!

Break Thou the Bread of Life.

BREAD OF LIFE.

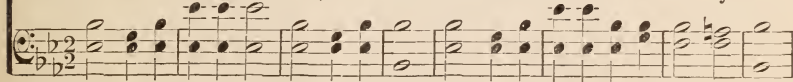
Mrs. Mary A. Lathbury (b. 1841), the Lyrist of Chautauqua, wrote this hymn for Bishop Vincent as a "Study-Song." The suggestion is that the imparting of truth may now be to us like the break-ing of the loaves by Galilee.

MARY A. LATHBURY, 1880.

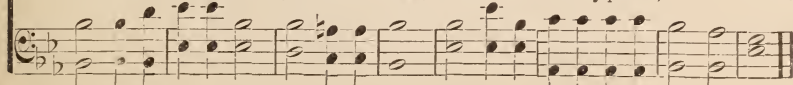
W. F. SHERWIN.



1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Beside the sea;
2. Bless Thou the truth, Dear Lord, To me—to me—As Thou didst bless the bread By Galilee.



Be-yond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir-it pants for Thee, O living Word;
Then shall all bondage cease, All fet-ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All-in-All!

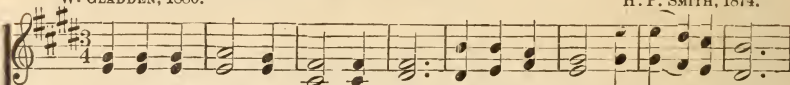


MARYTON.

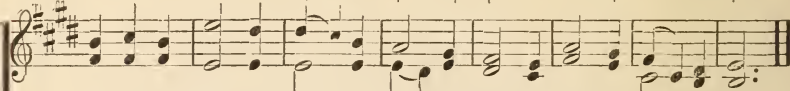
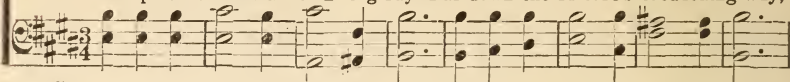
Rev. Washington Gladden (b. 1836) is a living Congregational minister, and a writer of wide influence. This hymn will be one of his noblest monuments.

W. GLADDEN, 1880.

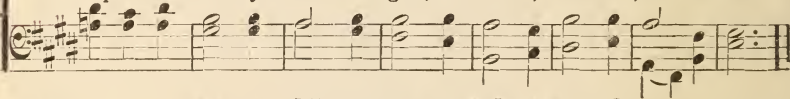
H. P. SMITH, 1874.



1. O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low-ly paths of serv-ice free;
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, winning word of love;
3. Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee In clos-er, dear-er com - pa - ny,
- 4 In hope that sends a shin-ing ray Far down the fu-ture's broadening way,



Tell me Thy se-cret, help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
Teach me the way-ward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs over wrong.
In peace that on - ly Thou canst give, With Thee, O Mas-ter, let me live.



100

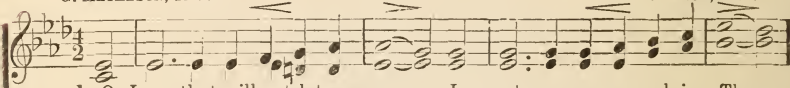
O Love That will not Let me Go.

MARGARET.

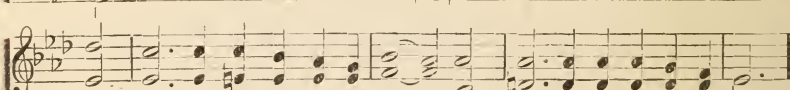
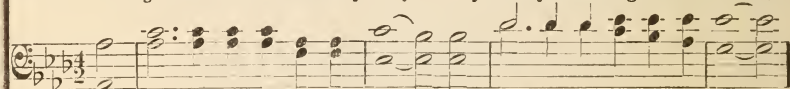
Rev. George Matheson (1842-1905), the blind preacher of Edinburgh, will long be held in affectionate memory by this beautiful hymn.

G. MATHESON, 1882.

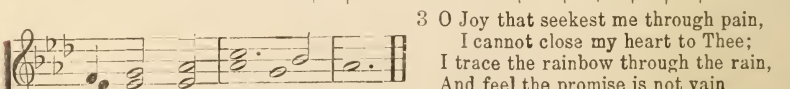
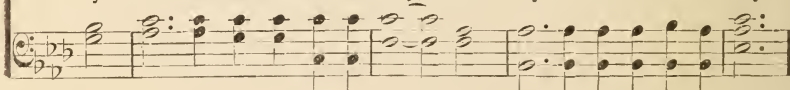
A. L. PEACE, 1885.



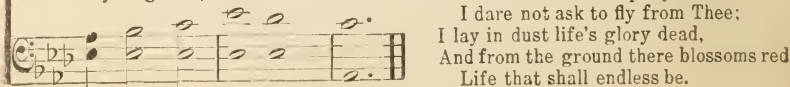
1. O Love that will not let me go, I rest my wea-ry soul in Thee;
2. O Light that followest all my way, I yield my flickering torch to Thee;



I give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine o-cean depths its flow
My heart re-stores its bor-rowed ray, That in Thy sun-shine's blaze its day



May rich - er, full - er be.
May bright-er, fair - er be.



- 3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

- 4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

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